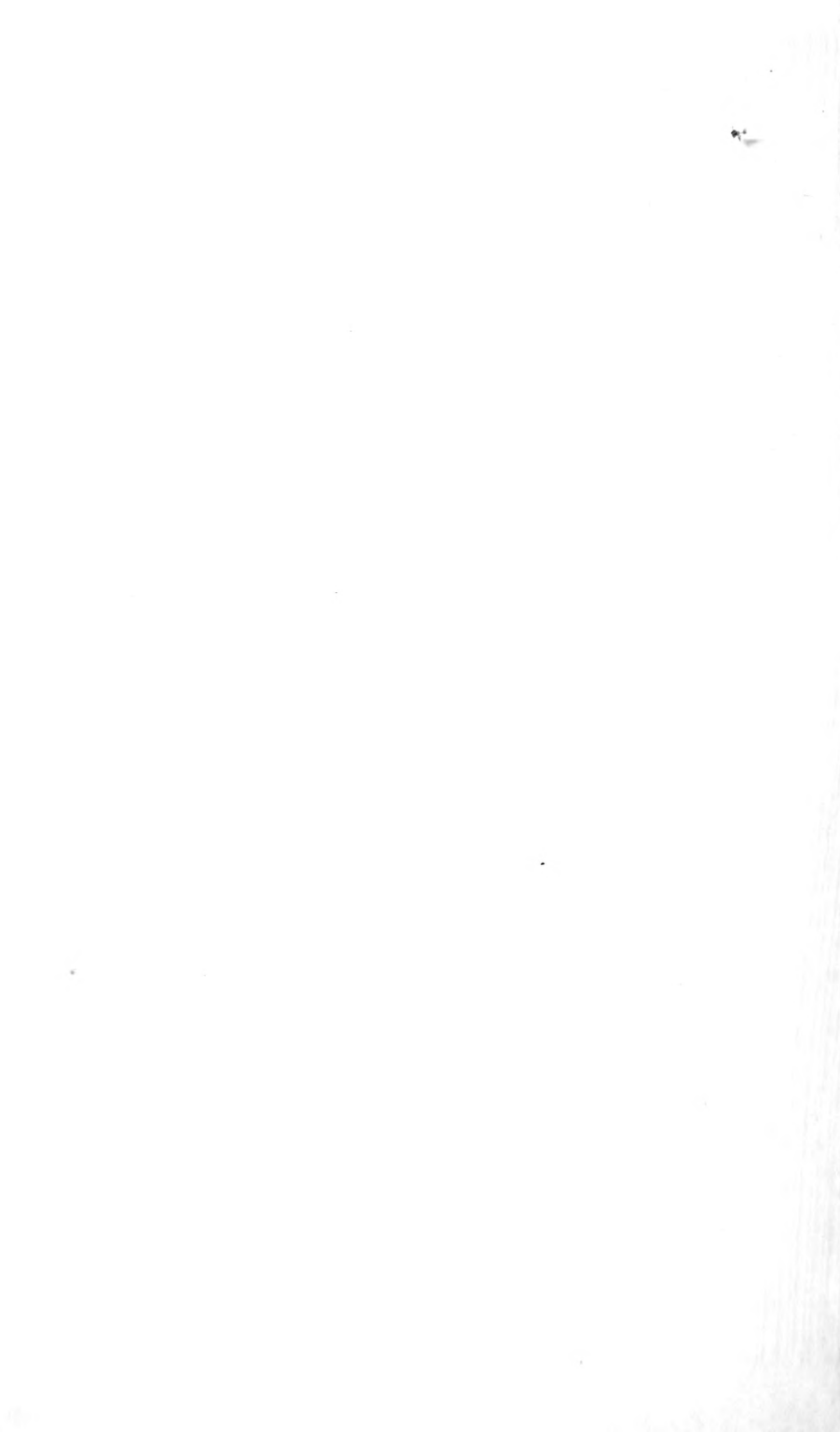


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ADDRESSES IN THE UNITED STATES
BY
M. RENÉ VIVIANI
AND
MARSHAL JOFFRE





John S. Miller Jr
August 1887

25.



ADDRESSES IN THE UNITED STATES

BY

M. RENE VIVIANI

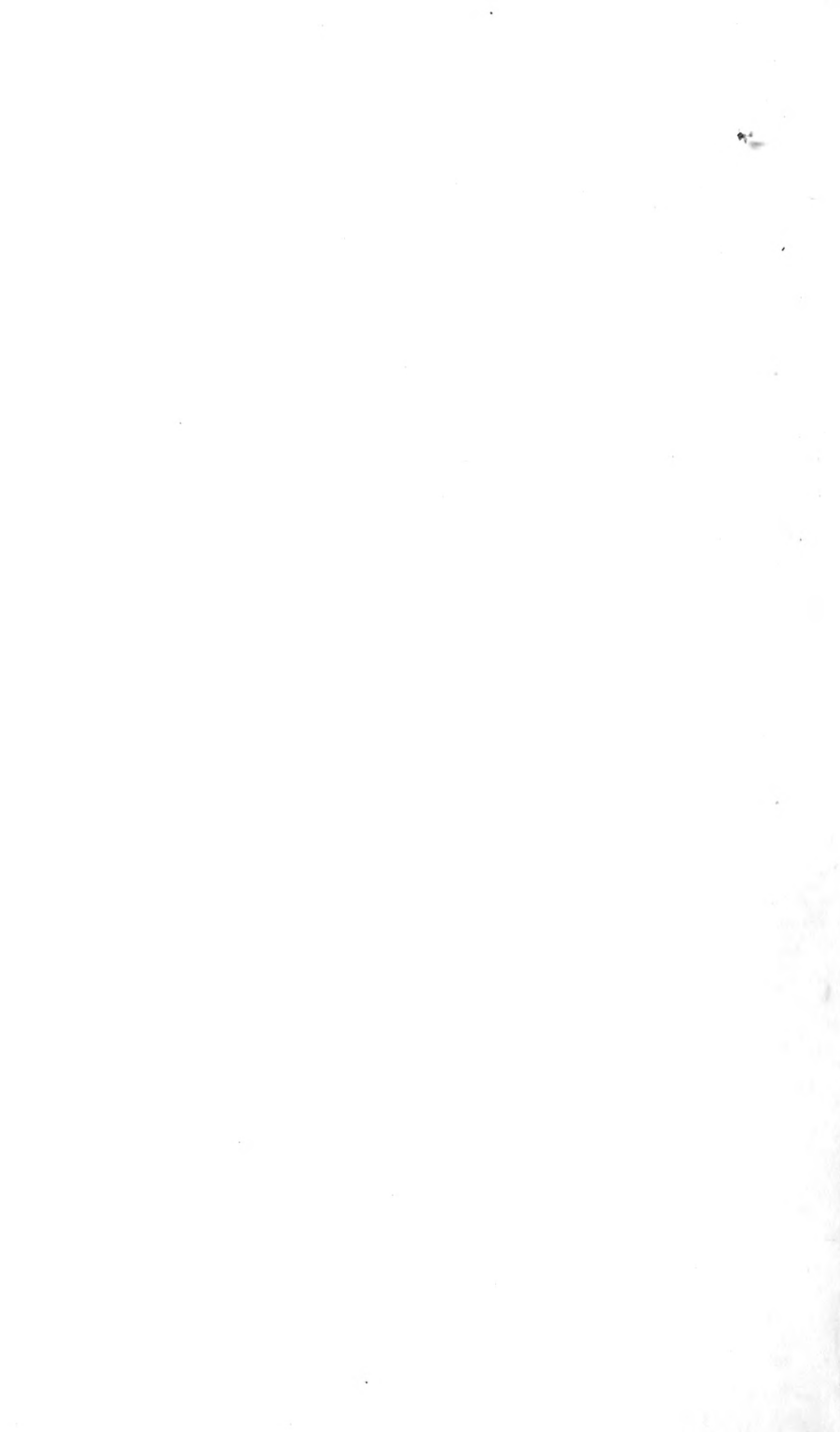
AND

MARSHAL JOFFRE

FRENCH MISSION TO THE
UNITED STATES

APRIL-MAY

MCMXVII



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M. RENÉ VIVIANI AND MARSHAL JOFFRE
FRENCH MISSION TO THE UNITED STATES

ADDRESSES IN THE UNITED STATES

BY

M. RENÉ VIVIANI

FORMER PREMIER, VICE PRESIDENT
OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS,
MINISTER OF JUSTICE

AND

MARSHAL JOFFRE

FRENCH MISSION TO THE
UNITED STATES

APRIL-MAY, MCMXVII



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1917

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including the Scandinavian*

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NOTE

THE PROCEEDS FROM THE SALE OF
THIS BOOK
WILL BE DEVOTED TO HELPING
THE ORPHAN CHILDREN OF FRANCE
THROUGH THE DIFFERENT ASSO-
CIATIONS ORGANIZED FOR
THAT PURPOSE



PREFATORY NOTE

WITH the exception of two or three speeches of which no stenographic record remains, the following pages contain all the public addresses made by M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre during their stay in the United States. They were in every case improvised; for the ceaseless stress of hurried work imposed upon the Mission by the brevity of its stay in this Country and its innumerable duties allowed neither preparation nor revision, nor even careful translation. They are consequently but an imperfect memorial of historic utterances. In justice to one of the greatest living masters of speech, it is right to warn the reader that, in many places, even the French text of M. Viviani's addresses is uncertain. Had he been able to revise it, even hurriedly, this translation would have been more faithful at any rate to the letter of his words. But such as it is, it constitutes perhaps in its very imperfections a more characteristic testimony of the war conditions of haste and spontaneity under which these speeches were delivered.

PREFATORY NOTE

For this translation I alone am responsible; no one could more keenly realize nor regret its inevitable short-comings. But like the speeches themselves, it had to be improvised among a thousand other urgent duties; no leisurely revision was possible; and my sudden departure has prevented my even reading the proof-sheets with care.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the disadvantages under which this booklet is produced, I trust it will meet with the favour of a public which, in all circumstances, has shown us understanding, sympathy and all indulgence. There are inevitable repetitions, though, thanks to M. Viviani's marvelous gift for renewing the expression of identical themes, these are fewer than might be expected. On second thoughts I have suppressed none; what the speeches may lose in aesthetic value, they retain in historic and local interest. It appeared to me that each city would desire to keep a record of the words pronounced within its precincts, and that I was not justified in suppressing any.

And thus, such as it is, this booklet gives a not unfaithful image of one aspect of a great event. The burning words so eloquently spoken with impassioned gesture and all the moving inflections of a thrilling voice stand here cold and motionless, stripped of the glow and glory of quick life. But their force, their sincerity, their message remain. They remind us with a noble simplicity that the whole world is at the parting of

PREFATORY NOTE

the ways; they are informed by the mysterious presence of a great destiny. For in all history no date is more charged with fate than that on which the United States entered into this war. For the first time in the evolution of the planet, the life of one whole hemisphere is about to mingle with the life of the old world, which, till now, had almost a monopoly of history.

The consequences of this irruption of new forces into the immemorial traditions, the thousand-year old struggles of our confused and distracted Europe, are incalculable. It is not only that new energies, political, social and military, are being thrown into the vast conflict for the liberation of man; new rhythms are being introduced into the whole life of the older races: and in the world which shall arise with the dawn of peace, the part that America will play none can foresee.

But the spirit in which America enters upon this conflict, the aims that France and all free men are now seeking to realize are defined here in words not unworthy of meditation and record.

EMILE HOVELAQUE.



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ADDRESSES
BY
M. RENÉ VIVIANI



M. RENÉ VIVIANI

I

STATEMENT BY M. VIVIANI TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS

I PROMISED to receive you after having reserved, as elementary courtesy required, my first communication solely for the President. I have just had the honour, which I shared with the other members of the mission, of being received by him. I am indeed happy to have been chosen to present the greetings of the French Republic to the illustrious man whose name is in every French mouth to-day, whose incomparable message is at this very hour being read and commented upon in all our schools as the most perfect charter of human rights and which so fully expresses the virtues of your race—long-suffering patience before appealing to force; and force to avenge that long-suffering patience when there can be no other means.

Since you are here to listen to me I ask you to repeat a thousand fold the expression of our deep gratitude for the enthusiastic reception the Ameri-

can people has granted us in Washington. It is not to us, but to our beloved and heroic France that that reception was accorded. We were proud to be her children in those unforgettable moments when we read in the radiance of the faces we saw the noble sincerity of your hearts. And I desire to thank also the Press of the United States represented by you. I fully realize the ardent and disinterested help you have given by your tireless propaganda in the cause of Right: I know your action has been incalculable. Gentlemen, I thank you.

We have come to this land to salute the American people and its government, to call to fresh vigour our ancient friendship, sweet and comforting in the ordinary course of our lives, and which these tragic hours have raised to all the ardour of brotherly love—a brotherly love which in these last years of suffering has multiplied its most touching expressions. To us you have given help, not only materially, but by every act of kindness and good will: yet more; for us your children have shed their blood, and the names of your sacred dead are inscribed forever in our hearts. And it was with a full knowledge of the meaning of what you did that you acted. Your inexhaustible generosity was not the charity of the fortunate to the distressed: it was an affirmation of your conscience, a reasoned approval of your judgment. Your fellow-countrymen knew that under the savage assault

of a nation of prey which has made of war, to quote a famous saying, its national industry, we were upholding with our incomparable allies, faithful and valiant to the death, with all those sons of indomitable England, who, shoulder to shoulder with us on the firing-line, are struggling for the violated rights of man, for that democratic spirit which the forces of autocracy were attempting to crush throughout the world. We are ready to carry that struggle on to the end.

And now, as President Wilson has said, the Republic of the United States rises in its strength as a champion of Right, and rallies to the side of France and her Allies. Only our descendants, when time has removed them sufficiently far from present events, will be able to measure the full significance, the grandeur of an historic act which has sent a thrill through the whole world. From to-day on all the forces of Freedom are let loose. And not only victory, of which we were already assured, is certain; the true meaning of that victory is made manifest; it cannot be merely a fortunate military conclusion to this struggle; it will be the victory of Morality and Right, and will for ever secure the existence of a world in which all our children shall draw free breath in full peace and in the undisturbed pursuit of their labours.

To accomplish this great work, which shall be carried to completion, we are about to exchange views with the men in your Government best

STATEMENT BY M. VIVIANI

qualified to help. The coöperation of the Republic of the United States in this world conflict is now assured. We work together as freemen who are resolved to save the ideals of mankind.

I

AT MOUNT VERNON

SUNDAY, APRIL 29TH

GENTLEMEN:

WE could not remain any longer in Washington without accomplishing this pious pilgrimage. In this spot lies all that is mortal of a great hero. Close by this spot stands the modest abode where Washington rested after the tremendous labour of achieving the emancipation of a nation. In this spot meet the admiration of the whole world and the veneration of the American people. In this spot rise before us the glorious memories left by the soldiers of France led by Rochambeau and Lafayette; a descendant of the latter, my friend M. de Chambrun, accompanies us. And I esteem it a supreme honour as well as a satisfaction for my conscience to be entitled to render this homage to our ancestors in the presence of my colleague and friend, Mr. Balfour, who so nobly represents his great nation. By thus coming to lay here the respectful tribute of every English mind, he shows, in this historic moment of communion which France has willed,

what nations that live for liberty can do. When we contemplate in the distant past the luminous presence of Washington, in nearer times the majestic figure of Abraham Lincoln; when we respectfully salute President Wilson, the worthy heir of these great memories, we at one glance measure the vast career of the American people. It is because the American people proclaimed and won for the nation the right to govern itself, it is because it proclaimed and won the equality of all men, that the free American people at the hour marked by fate has been enabled with commanding force to carry its action beyond the seas; it is because it was resolved to extend its action still further that Congress was enabled to obtain within the space of a few days the vote of conscription and to proclaim in the full splendour of civil peace the necessity for a National Army. In the name of France I salute the young army which will share in our common glory.

While paying this supreme tribute to the memory of Washington, I do not diminish the effect of my words when I turn my thoughts to the memory of so many unnamed heroes. I ask you by this tomb to bow in earnest meditation and all the fervour of piety before all the soldiers of the allied nations who for nearly three years have been fighting under different flags for the same ideal. I beg you to address the homage of your hearts and souls to all the heroes, born to

live in happiness, in the tranquil pursuit of their labours, in the enjoyment of all human affections, who went into battle with virile cheerfulness and gave themselves up, not to death alone, but to the eternal silence that closes over those whose sacrifice remains nameless, in the full knowledge that, save for those who loved them, their very names would disappear with their bodies. Their monument is in our hearts. Not the living alone greet us here; the ranks of the dead themselves rise to surround the soldiers of liberty.

At this solemn hour in the history of our world, while heralding from this sacred mound the final victory of justice, I extend to the Republic of the United States the greetings of the French Republic.

III

BEFORE THE UNITED STATES SENATE TUESDAY, MAY 1ST

SINCE I have been granted the supreme honour of speaking before the representatives of the American people, may I ask them first to allow me to thank this magnificent capital for the welcome it has accorded us. Accustomed as we are in our own free land to popular manifestations, and though we had been warned by your fellow countrymen who live in Paris of the enthusiasm burning in your hearts, we are still full of the emotions raised by the sights that awaited us. I shall never cease to see the proud and stalwart men who saluted our passage; your women, whose grace adds fresh beauty to your city, their arms outstretched full of flowers, and your children, hurrying to meet us at the call of their masters as if our coming were looked upon as a lesson for them, all with one accord acclaiming in our perishable persons immortal France. And yet I predict there will be a yet grander manifestation on the day when your illustrious Presi-

dent, relieved from the burden of power, shall come among us, bearing the salute of the Republic of the United States to a free Europe, whose foundations from end to end shall be based on Right. It is with unspeakable emotion that we crossed the threshold of this legislative palace, where prudence and boldness meet, and that I for the first time in the annals of America, though a foreigner, speak in this hall which only a few days since resounded with words of virile force. You have set all the democracies of the world the most magnificent of examples. So soon as the common peril was made manifest to you, with simplicity and within a few short days, you voted a formidable war credit and proclaimed that a formidable army was to be raised. The commentary on his acts which President Wilson gave before acting, and which you made yours, remains in the history of free peoples the weightiest of lessons. Doubtless you were resolved to avenge the insults offered your flag, which the whole world respected: doubtless through the thickness of these massive walls the mournful cry of all the victims whom criminal hands hurled into the depths of the sea, has reached and stirred your souls: but it will be your honour in history that you also heard the cry of humanity, and invoked against autocracy the rights of democracies. And I can only wonder as I speak, what, if they still have any power to think, are the thoughts of the autocrats who,

three years ago against us, three months ago against you, unchained this conflict. Ah! doubtless they said among themselves that a democracy is merely an ideal government that showers reforms on mankind, that can in the domain of labour quicken all economic activities but that from a military point of view is impotent. And yet now we see the French Republic fighting efficiently in defence of its territory and the liberty of nations and opposing to the avalanche let loose by Prussian militarism, the union of all its children, who are still capable of striking many a weighty blow. And now we see England, far removed like you from conscription, who has also, by virtue of a discipline all accept, raised from her soil millions of fighting men. And we see other nations accomplishing the same act; and that liberty can not only enflame all hearts, but can coördinate and bring into being all needed efforts. And now we see all America rise and sharpen her weapons in the midst of peace for the common struggle. Together we will carry on that struggle. And when by force we have at last imposed military victory, our labours will not be concluded. Our task will be, I quote the noble words of President Wilson, to organize the Society of Nations. I well know that the gibes of our enemies, who have never seen before them anything but horizons of carnage, will never cease to jeer at so noble a dream. Such has always been the fate of ideas at their birth; and if thinkers and

men of action had allowed themselves to be discouraged by sceptics, mankind would still be in its infancy, and we should still be slaves. After material victory we will win this moral victory. We will shatter the ponderous sword of militarism: we will establish guarantees for peace; and then we can disappear from the world's stage since we shall leave at the cost of our common immolation the noblest heritage future generations can possess.

IV
BEFORE THE HOUSE OF
REPRESENTATIVES
THURSDAY, MAY 3RD

GENTLEMEN:

ONCE more, my fellow countrymen and I are admitted to the honour of being present at a sitting in a legislative Chamber. May I be permitted to express our emotion at this solemn derogation against rules more than a century old, and, so far as my own person is concerned, may I say that, as a member of parliament accustomed for twenty years to the passions and storms which sweep through political assemblies, I appreciate more than any one at this moment the supreme joy of being near this chair, which is in such a commanding position that however feeble may be the voice that speaks thence, it is heard over the whole world.

Gentlemen, I will not thank you; not because our gratitude fails, but because new words to express it fail. No, I do not thank you for your welcome. We all felt, my companions and myself, that the manifestations which rose toward

our persons came not only from your lips. We felt that you were not merely fulfilling the obligations of international courtesy. Suddenly, in all its charming intimacy, the complexity of the American soul was revealed to us.

When one meets an American, one is supposed to meet a practical man, merely a practical man, caring only for business, only interested in business. But when at certain hours in private life one studies the American soul, one discovers at the same time how fresh and delicate it is; and when at certain moments of public life one considers the soul of the Nation, then one sees all the force of the ideals that rise from it: so that this American people, in its perfect balance, is at once practical and sentimental, a realizer and a dreamer, and is always ready to place its practical qualities at the disposal of its puissant thoughts.

And see, Gentlemen, what a glorious comparison, to our profit, to yours also, we can establish between our enemies and us. Entrusted with a mandate from a free people we come among free men to compare our ideas, to exchange our views, to measure the whole extent of the problems raised by this war. And all the allied nations, simply because they repose on democratic institutions, through their governments meet in the same lofty region, on equal terms, in full liberty.

I well know that at this very hour, in the Central Empire, there is an absolute monarch who binds

to his will by vassal links of steel other peoples. It has been said this was a sign of strength: it is only a derisive appearance of strength. And in truth, only a few weeks ago, on the eve of the day when outraged America was about to rise in its force, on the morrow of the day when the Russian revolution, faithful to its alliance, called at once its soldiers to arms and its people to independence, this absolute monarch was seen to totter on the steps of his throne, as he felt the first breath of the tempest pass over his crown. And he bent toward his people in humiliation, and in order to win its sympathy borrowed from free peoples their highest institutions and promised his subjects universal suffrage.

Here, as in the crucial hours of our history, as in these of yours, it is liberty which clears the way for our soldiers. We are all now united in our common effort for civilization, for right.

The day before yesterday, in a public meeting at which I was present, I heard one of your greatest orators say with deep emotion: "It has been sworn on the tomb of Washington." And I understood the full emotion and import of those words. If Washington could rise from his tomb, if from his sacred mound he could view the world as it now is, shrunk to smaller proportions by the lessening of material and moral distances, and the increase of every kind of communication between men, he would feel his labours are not yet concluded;

and that, just as a man of superior and powerful mind has a debt to all other men, so a superior and powerful nation owes a debt to other nations; after establishing its own independence it must aid others to maintain their independence or to conquer it. This is the mysterious logic of history which President Wilson so marvellously understood, thanks to a mind as vigorous as it is subtle, as capable of analysis as it is of synthesis, of minute observation followed by swift action. It has been sworn on the tomb of Washington. It has been sworn on the tomb of our allied soldiers, fallen in a sacred cause! It has been sworn by the bedside of our wounded men! It has been sworn on the heads of our orphan children! It has been sworn on cradles and on tombs! It has been sworn!

V

AT THE CHICAGO CLUB

FRIDAY, MAY 4TH

GENTLEMEN:

IN SPITE of what you may think, if I perfectly understood the last speech—that of Mr. Green, because it was in French, I also understood the general drift of the speech delivered by the Lieutenant Governor. I understood them both because it is impossible for a Frenchman, after the hearty welcome extended to us and for which I especially thank your Mayor, Mr. Thompson, not to understand also that all the words pronounced came from the heart: and between hearts there is a mysterious language which is more eloquent than words.

You said a moment ago that this was not the first occasion on which Frenchmen had come to American soil. The first orator who spoke, Mr. Payne, recalled the fact that General Lafayette, one of whose descendants, the Marquis de Chambrun, accompanies us, had come in arms to help your great Washington. He might have added that the profit was mutual since Washington

taught him more than one lesson. And on the day they met was born the brotherly friendship which, throughout the long years of the last century, yet more in this century, has united France and the United States.

I also thank Mr. Payne for having so clearly marked the attitude of invaded France, subjected to an aggression against which it was forced to rise, an aggression which you have rightly said was silently prepared for the last forty-five years. And I also thank Mr. Green who, because he long lived in France, never lost faith in her. If he has shed tears over her, as he said he did in his speech, he was right in saying they were not tears of despair.

For France is not a weak and oppressed nation, and, though for three years she has borne the brunt of the most terrific onslaught in all history, she is still strong, she is still valiant, she is still fighting: she is still ready with her allies to meet any destiny in store for her.

I thank you for receiving us here so simply in this banquet where the American Flag greets us, and where by a delicate attention, we are placed, Marshal Joffre and myself, under the folds of the French Flag. Look well at it: here it hangs motionless and still. It is otherwise on our fighting line, where it is shaken and torn by shot and shell. Yet it remains in the brave hands of those who bear it not only a symbol of French courage,

but that of free democracy and of civilization. Under it our admirable army, led by the glorious chiefs whom the illustrious warrior seated beside me directed, stayed the avalanche which threatened not only France, but all the democratic institutions of every land. And I am happy to say, without excess of pride, that, faithful to its mission, France in those heroic days of which the memory cannot die, fulfilled its duty, the duty conferred on it by humanity, which has been nobly to fight for weaker nations and to defend the dignity of man.

VI

AT THE CONGRESS HOTEL, CHICAGO

FRIDAY, MAY 4TH

MR. McCORMICK has just recalled in the most flattering words, words which have gone straight to our hearts, the glorious memories of our common history. He has reminded us that one hundred and forty years ago Lafayette first set his foot upon American soil accompanied by only eleven officers. And I wonder, as I speak, what Lafayette would think of the development of his adventure. He well knew that he brought the help of French arms to the cause of American independence. His pride was to be the companion in arms of your great Washington; he might well suppose that the independence thus implanted on your soil would long flourish and that his name would be revered by all American hearts and consciences. But could he foresee that one hundred and forty years later, republican France, after years of monarchy, after winning its own independence, after helping other nations to win theirs, would finally be drawn

against its will into the vastest conflict known to history; and that other Frenchmen coming to your land would find not only the proud memory of his name, but such expressions of gratitude as you uttered a few moments ago. Let me say, however, without diminishing in France itself the part France has played, that already through Lafayette himself you have paid in part your debt of gratitude. It is because Lafayette came to this land in his youth, it is because he lived side by side with your great and simple Washington, it is because he saw the rise of your puissant American independence, that he was able to bring back to France the lessons and virtues that were taught him here; and that in his maturity and green old age he brought to our land the benefit of liberal ideas, of the lofty conscience and wide outlook he owed to your land. Thanks to you he was in France, from 1815 on till his death, one of the most stalwart pioneers of republican and democratic ideas; and it is to him we owe in part the republican conquests we have made. Thus, when we recall all these glorious memories that seem to mingle in the folds of our two flags, we can show the world what two great democracies can do. Absolute monarchs imagine that they can conquer other peoples by the marriages they make, and by setting on all the thrones of Europe their relatives and representatives. But we draw closer the links that bind our hearts together by daily

contacts, by daily exchanges of our feelings and our thoughts, by a daily communion of souls, by the daily contemplation of our great common liberty. And thus our brotherly friendship did not need to be written in treaties, for it was a living force in our hearts and souls. And so in the tragic days that came upon France, in those hours decisive, not only in its history, but in the history of the world, it was a comfort and help to feel, from the beginning, the vast soul of America beat in harmony with ours.

If any doubts as to the justice of our cause had ever arisen in us, we should have ceased to doubt when, looking across the huge expanse of sea, we saw all thinking Americans turn to our side, and, so far as they could, by their sympathy, by the benefits they showered on the heads of our dying, our orphans, prove to us the ardour of a sympathy which in those tragic hours raised and lifted us above our very selves. And if from the first you gave us the inestimable benefit of your moral support, it is because you are a great democracy, it is because we are a great democracy; because in Europe or in France there are freemen who were thus agreed in soul to raise yet higher the flag of democracy before the onset of an autocracy which is tottering to its fall. Already with fire and sword, by the valour of our children, the strength of our arms, we have passed beyond the rampart it has raised, and above it we have spread the radiance of all the ideas of liberty.

Come to us, American brothers, come and fight side by side with your French brothers, with your allied brothers: come under your glorious banner to fight for the democracy of the world, and show all men that when the rights of a single nation are violated, the rights of all nations are trampled under foot. In the message of Mr. Wilson, so incomparable in its grandeur and nobility that it went to the heart of hearts of France, and that the Government of the Republic has placarded it in every village in France and had it read and interpreted to all our children in the schools, your illustrious President made manifest the ideas of America. He expressed them too magnificently for me to attempt to express them in turn. But when I speak of democratic ideas, when I speak of violated rights to be avenged, of the sufferings endured by those who have fought for liberty and can only be repaid by victory, I cannot do better to symbolize my thoughts, to give them concrete form, than raise my glass in honour of the illustrious President of the United States.

VII

AT THE AUDITORIUM, CHICAGO

FRIDAY, MAY 4TH

AS I came in, to the burning strains of the Marseillaise, which was the war song of our forefathers that bore them on to victory after victory, and also to the strains of the American National Hymn which carries echoes of past and future victories; as I came into this vast hall in which the grace of the women gathered together here and the virility of the men give us an image of the greatness and beauty of the American people; as I came in, I saw and heard your acclamations rising toward us as we heard them rise on our arrival in this seething city, this magnificent capital of the Middle West, it was impossible for us to suppress the pride and emotion that swelled up in our hearts.

And when a few moments ago we heard your orators, Mr. Bancroft; the Mayor of Chicago, whom I thank for the splendid welcome we received this morning; and the Governor of Illinois, who spoke in the name of the State, I said to myself (and I

think you will not accuse our just pride of sinking to the level of base vanity) that you were indeed right in loving, in admiring France, for no country more than she deserves all praise. What constitutes her greatness in the world, is that she has not only laboured and suffered for herself, but that throughout her long history her eyes have been fixed on all mankind; it is to all mankind her thoughts have ever gone. She it was that accomplished the French Revolution and who, through that Revolution, has enlightened the whole world; she it is who in the nineteenth century educated the other peoples in her ideals, and held in her grasp the banner of emancipation toward which from all the corners of the earth the oppressed look longingly. And if, in 1871, by a decree of fate, her glory seemed to suffer eclipse, if she has known defeat, after defeat she has sought and found fresh vigour in the labours of peace. She had forgotten nothing; she gazed with broken heart and streaming eyes at her violated frontier, at Alsace-Lorraine, which shall be ours once more to-morrow, not by conquest, but by right, because it is ours, and shall be by right restored to us.

And meanwhile she gathered fresh strength; she rose once more in the esteem of all nations; she was so profoundly attached to peace that she sent the children who might have defended her away to colonize other lands. And yet for ten years she has been systematically brow-beaten and black-

mailed. First came Tangier, then Casablanca, then Agadir: by turns she was hectored and insulted; and yet remained pacific and unmoved, until in 1914 she was summoned to break her written treaties, bow her head, humiliate her national honour. But as Mr. Bancroft so truly said, no country can be asked to despise itself. The supreme end of life is not peace; it is honour for men, and for nations their independence.

And then what a spectacle did France offer the world! Oh, doubtless German slanders had represented her as corrupt and dissolute: it was a mere jest to march against so frivolous a nation which would capitulate at the first shock of battle: Germany dreamt that in a few hours, a few days at most, the souls of Frenchmen and the power of France would be beaten to the ground. And because they had come to study France in certain haunts of amusement where Frenchmen were never seen; because they knew not the real France, the France of our factories, the France of our soil, the France of intellectual labour; because, even through this transparent veil, the true France was hidden from them, they wantonly entered into this war with the full assurance conquest would be a matter of a few months, and victory secured.

And then what did you see? However far removed you may be in distance from our land, it is not possible that so admirable a spectacle, the greatest France has ever given, should not have

been revealed to all your eyes. Frenchmen, divided into hostile groups, and political sets for ever at war, Frenchmen who were said never to be able to agree, to a man rose under the Flag of France; and as children who have quarrelled erst-while at once answer the call of their mother, all the children of France answered the call of their country.

From you we have nothing to conceal. The first shock was a fearful one. I do not think that in all history a single people ever remained more resolute and dauntless under the tempest of steel and fire that was unchained against us. We stood undaunted; but our hearts felt the impact of an avalanche of two millions of men. The German machine was well organized: for forty years no cog was lacking in it; and in that machine that knew not the rule of the individual, in which a man counted for nothing, in which the machine was all, in that machine all was ready. And you know what happened. Serbia trampled under foot, murdered, simply because it was weak; Belgium summoned to throw open her frontiers to her invader and refusing, hurling herself in spite of her material weakness, in the full splendour of moral greatness and strength, because she would leave no stain on the pages of her history, offering up the blood of her children to save her honour. And England, unshakeable as we were, because her signature was on a treaty and she would not

betray her faith, she also rose with us. But in the early days of the campaign we, the children of France, almost alone bore the onset of the avalanche. We do not pretend not to have yielded physically for a short space—Yes, ever fighting, struggling against overwhelming odds, scattering the corpses of our sons on the roads we retreated along, we retreated tactically until the day when, under my Premiership, the Marshal, who was then a General only, warned us, as early as the 23rd of August, that his battle plan was fixed, and that he had communicated it to his Generals: until the 4th of September (and by one of those happy coincidences of history that date was the birthday of the Third Republic) when our troops received the order to march forward, to march forward against the enemy, the invaders of our territory. And then our poor soldiers, worn out by twenty consecutive days and nights of fighting, exhausted, without sleep, without proper food, after fighting day and night for all that period, answered the call of their chief; they rallied to his call and with smiling lips and radiant eyes along the fighting line, to the sound of the drum and clarion, marched against the enemy; and in the space of a few days fifty kilometres of French territory were freed.

Perhaps the details of that great historic battle are not familiar to you; they were concealed from you: the Germans kept them to themselves, so long as it was possible to conceal them from the

rest of the world. But the power of truth is too great; it is impossible that that glorious battle, the greatest France ever fought, should be all unknown to you. In that battle we remained faithful to the mission of France. And do you know why the soldiers of the Marne fought as they did? It is because they were the soldiers of a democratic army, in which the most capable man can climb to the top of the hierarchy, in which the highest officers are the friends and comrades of their soldiers. And if they fought thus it was, let me tell you, because all the history of France was behind them, and was familiar to them, because they were the descendants of the soldiers of Valmy who under the French Revolution had already saved France and the liberty of the world; because they were also the descendants of Charles Martel's soldiers who in the Plains of Poitiers stayed the avalanche of the Barbarians, and thus fulfilled the historic mission of France.

And they vanquished. And then you came to us; you came to us from the first. And I seek in vain words to tell our infinite gratitude for the moral support you gave us. You came to us with full hearts, smiling. I still see in my mind's eye, in the Paris ambulances, and in the ambulances on the front, those American women who bent over the beds of our dying and wounded men and calmed the anguish of their livid brows by the sweetness of their beauty. I see your doctors

hastening at the call of our doctors to shower their benefits, without reward, on the sufferings of our wounded. I yet hear the orphans of France appealing to the Government of the Republic to thank the Americans who showered kindness on their poor, fair, young heads, their innocent heads. And I thank you, citizens of Chicago, men and women, for what from the first hour on you have never ceased to do. We know of your admirable Bazaar, which through your devotion brought in an enormous sum. I thank those who subscribed to the fifty-four ambulances which we have received and who to-morrow, at the call of their friends, will subscribe yet more to increase the number. I thank the Press of Chicago which, by helping us to make the truth known, has fought distinterestedly for the cause of truth and justice and rendered the greatest service to France and her allies. But that was not enough to content you. Not only by material benefits have you shown your good will: you have shown it in ways more moving yet. And I cannot do better than repeat the words which just now rose in my heart and were said by the orators of your nation—We have been received in the name of the State like brothers, in the name of the City like brothers, in the name of your organizing committee like brothers. You came to us! Why? In the first place why did you come with full hands to bring all these benefits to our country? Moved by your kind hearts, un-

doubtedly. But let me say that however glowing were your hearts, that was not the only reason. It was not possible even when you were chained down to the duties of neutrality, that your reason should not speak, and that your approval of France's cause should not arise from your outraged consciences. It was not possible you should not recognize the justice of our cause, not see that France was not only fighting to defend its rights, but to defend those of all peoples, the liberty of man. And all this was clearly manifest when under the guidance of your illustrious President you entered this war.

Just now Mr. Bancroft was enumerating the causes of the war and, in flaming words, he said what were its deeper causes, and that it was sufficient to question your own history to discover them. Doubtless, like ourselves, you entered this war under the sting of German insults, in order that the honour of the nation formed by Washington should suffer no humiliation, in order to avenge your dead and dying, the children and the women murdered on the desolate, bleak, high seas, at night, in winter, by the criminal hands of those we are fighting against together. You went into this war for that. But not for that alone. Was it possible for you to see through the immense distances that separate us the frightful spectacle which unchained Europe shows? Possible to see all the blood spilt; so many martyrs falling in a

sacred cause: possible to count the thousands of dead, wounded, and sick: possible to count the mourning women whose pride and sorrow are hidden under their black veils: possible to count one by one all our orphans: possible to contemplate such sights without deep emotion and a revolt of your souls: possible to see the Marne, the Yser, the Somme, Verdun, where a fraction of the French Army held back a million men: and see, from far away, the lightnings of the tremendous battle rise above the immortal city to form the luminous beacon-light which illuminates the whole world; was it possible, I say, to see all this and not feel your hearts thrill and burn? No; it was not possible. And for months past I have been saying to myself that it was not possible. When French democracy, which made the French Revolution, which gave directing thoughts to all Europe, which long ago sent its flags, its generals and its soldiers to fight for independence; when that democracy was struggling for its life, could you stand aloof? No; that was the one thing impossible.

No: You understand the deeper meaning of this war. The allied peoples are not fighting for territories: they are not fighting to satisfy some morbid ambition! No. The stake is a greater one; it is the fate of the whole world we now bear in our hands. In them are the fate of free men, of democracy. And it is because you felt that

this contest between democracy and autocracy must be fought to its bitter end: it is because you felt that so long as the peoples do not possess, as you and we do, governing assemblies, responsible governments, war might again be let loose: because you felt that, so long as there are forces of aggression in the world, no democracy can live in peace, that you rallied to our side at the call of your President and the call of democracy all the world over.

Come to us then: come as brothers to the fight we are fighting for right and truth and justice. But remember well that out of this war must come the great lesson it holds. I have already said it is an empty and deadly dream for democracies to imagine they can live under purely ideal conditions and that they are threatened by no evil or perverse powers. If the democracies do not arm themselves for their defence; if they do not possess free men ready to seize the sword, not for conquest, but for the defence of their native land; sooner or later the imperial eagle will swoop down on them at an hour when it will be too late to organize resistance.

Consider our example. We are a people of forty millions of men. What are forty millions in comparison with the one hundred millions of the American people? But we were organized; but we had a national force; but we had officers, generals; but we had a chief; all was ready, so far at least

as any democracy can be ready: and notwithstanding, by a fatality, for some days it seemed as if we might be annihilated. Therefore, let democracies arm in their own defence so long as in the wide world there remains a threatening autocracy. But it shall not long threaten. It is not to be believed that with all our coalized forces we cannot crush an autocracy at which we have in these last years struck such powerful blows: it is not possible that the absolute monarchs who, in the Central Empires, by their bloody whims dispose of the destinies of the world, should be allowed to continue. We will reach them: we will carry to their ears the cry of oppressed peoples: we shall declare that it is unthinkable that the strong should forever oppress the weak: we shall exact peace for all, liberty for all, equality for all. And when we have won the victory of Democracy, when as a free people we have brought our labours to full consummation, then all our thoughts will turn to the victims of this war. Together we will go to lay the palms of justice on the tombs of our children; and you in your pilgrimage will repair to Mount Vernon to ask the great soul of Washington: Founder of the Republic; Father of your country, have we done well in doing this? Are you well pleased with your children? Have they rightly understood the glorious tradition you inscribed on our flag?

And, rest assured, his great shade will arise to thank you, and to bless you.

VIII
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
SATURDAY, MAY 5TH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I CANNOT hope to sustain the reputation given me by the kindness of the American people; and you will excuse me for not rising to your expectations. But, as the words I am going to say come from my heart, I trust they will naturally go to yours.

I cannot say how deeply moved we were when, in this immense park, our eye caught sight of this imposing University building whose massive structure seemed to reveal materially to us the magnitude of the work that has been accomplished here. Need I say we do not suddenly discover the existence of the Chicago University, nor of the other great American Universities. We already knew what those Universities have accomplished, and we had hardly landed in this country when we were reminded of it by our eminent Ambassador, M. Jusserand, who is attached to you by so many bonds of sympathy and who, in the last few years, has worked with a silent activity, worthy

of the country he represents, against the strenuous and noisy endeavours of another ambassador, whom you have sent back to his native land. In connection with his name, let me mention that of our Consul, M. Barthelemy, who by his constant self-possession and tact, has gained not only for himself but for the whole of France, sympathies of which, I may say, he is fully worthy.

We knew that the American University was a centre of study and hard work, but we also knew that it was a centre of patriotism, which sent most of the volunteers who have enlisted, fought and died for France, the ambulances which took care of our wounded on our battlefields, the aviators who have risen to the same height as ours and fought under our flag until, after you declared war, they won new fame as the Lafayette Squadron under the American flag. Let me pay a tribute to the memory of those valiant aviators who, before leaving their native shores, had given death a rendezvous, and who fell for France; and to that of many others who, in the full bloom of youth, have sacrificed their dreams and their future to our French motherland and to the cause of liberty. I can hardly find words to express my thanks to the many men who, in the generosity of their souls, have enlisted in our Foreign Legion, and have faced the enemy on the French front, side by side with the French and English soldiers.

I have just learned with deep emotion that you intend to raise a memorial to French science, to science as you conceive it, in the form of a book which you are about to publish, and which contains forty chapters signed by illustrious University men. But it is not enough that at long intervals, after long silence and by occasional visits, we should exchange our views and opinions. I am a former Minister of Public Education, and I should be happy to see the sending of American students to French Universities, promoted by the ample fellowships you grant your students, and by an active propaganda such as the one you are about to start in your Universities. They will enable your students to complete their scientific education in France, after acquiring a solid foundation in America. I look forward to a time when we shall settle an old question that should have been settled long ago. I refer to the equivalence of diplomas, which, by giving the American degrees the same rights as French degrees in our Universities, will enable your students to finish their education in France without any unnecessary delay. For in what other country could they find better instruction? It is not for me to remind the professors of this University, who are acquainted with the science and literature of the whole world, or its president, Mr. Judson, the distinguished jurist, whose loftiness of outlook, vast knowledge and steadfast purpose are well

known to us, of the accomplishments of the French Nation in the world of science. As Mr. Judson himself said, in words for which I thank him: From a philosophical point of view are there any teachings comparable to those of French philosophy? Among us you would find the ever-burning light of science founded by Claude Bernard and his foremost pupil, D'Arsonval. As regards mathematics, are not such men as Appell and our Minister of War, Painlevé, capable of teaching mathematics? Cannot the science whose monopoly has so long been held by our learned director of scientific education, the Dean of the Paris Faculty of Science, be diffused to-day as well? And when I think of such men as Léon Renault in legal science, and Lanson in literature, it seems as if I was beholding an illustrious Areopagus, a gathering of scientists who are the honour and glory of France, and who, let me assure you, are quite capable of teaching science, literature, or law, to such of you as look for such instruction. I may say that in France you would find teachings worthy of yours. Undoubtedly, there are great masters in Germany. Ours, unfortunately, are too modest: they do not fill the world with the clamour of their reputations. But, as regards method, clear or brilliant teaching, gift for synthesis, they are true masters. And in France, in Paris, in that illustrious Sorbonne, which for fourteen years I had the honour of representing in the French Parliament, you would find a class of science

and studies such as you would not find in Germany. We know what education and science wrongly conceived may lead to. They lead straight to Kultur, that is to say, to the oppression of the people by a small class of men. It was Kultur which gave birth to that generation of men which has fallen into such a state of folly that it believes it the duty of the whole universe to kneel at its feet. It taught a generation of men that no treaties should be respected, that there was neither right nor law, and that the strong should dominate the weak. Could two great free peoples like America and France kneel before such samples of German science?

American and French Universities are alike. I will tell you what links connect them. The duty of a University is not only to form the mind of young men, to diffuse science, to make writers, scientists, physicians and lawyers, to enable men to teach in their turn or to earn an honourable living in their profession. That is part of its duty, but it would not be true to its real mission, and to its duty toward mankind, if at the same time as it forms scientists, it did not form men. It would not be true to its duty if, at the same time as it elevates the mind, it did not elevate the soul. Professors should gather not only to dispense instruction, but form men.

We, in France, when the hour of fate struck, had ample proof that our Universities and our teachers had brought forth men.

I wish I could find fit words to relate the story of those young men of our High Normal School, who were to form a scientific and literary hierarchy, and were waiting to be raised to the rank of college teachers. When war was declared, they left for the front; and Marshal Joffre, who had them under his command, could tell you that out of those students of the High Normal School came his best officers. It was a wonderful alliance of science and truth, a full proof that Universities not only shape minds, but hearts also. Hecatombs of those students have fallen in the first line, flag in hand, and I cannot do better than apply to them those rhymes of our great national poet, Victor Hugo:

Ils sont tous sur le dos, couchés en braves devant Dieu,
Et si leurs yeux s'ouvraient, ils verraient le ciel bleu.

(They have fallen, like heroes, their brow to heaven, in
the eyes of God,
And if their eyes could open they would see the blue
sky above them.)

In words that have deeply touched us, Mr. Judson said that America owed France a debt of gratitude. You have paid it in part already, and besides, we are too much like brothers to stand, with regard to one another, in the position of a debtor and a creditor. We are too closely linked in a great common task to put forth any such

claims. It is not only to France, heroic and valorous France, which, through its courageous children, is fighting to defend its territory, but to the world, to humanity, to liberty, and civilization, that you owe a debt, and it is to them you will pay it. It is in order that they may not perish, it is because, as you aptly said, the fall of France would be a disaster to the world, that you must arise and fight. You have said that you would give your last man and the last heart-beat to the cause. I thank you, Mr. President, for those manly words, carved as it were in bronze, and which we will repeat to our fellow citizens in France. When they fall from the lips of a man of such eminence and authority, who knows the weight of words and the value of promises, they cannot fail to find a way to our consciences and our hearts. Yes, to the last man, yes, to the last heart-beat, under the flag of liberty, so that universal democracy may prevail over the world! To the last man, to the last heart-beat, so that free men may live proud and happy; to the last man, to the last beating of hearts, so that at last free peoples may look forward to everlasting international peace, and that the children of our children may live and work, free and peaceful, and enjoy the blessings of the sunshine without having to fear the return of such crimes as we have witnessed.

I thank you, Mr. President, for those kind words: I thank you, Gentlemen, for the support you have

given us. When I look in your open faces, on which every-day work and deep thoughts have left an indelible mark, I feel that there is a definite promise in those words. I thank you for your welcome and for your ovations. But it is not to us your welcome goes, for we are nothing: it goes to our heroic France, whom you know so well, and whom you venerate as she deserves to be venerated. In the name of France, as well as in the name of all the universities of France, which, as Minister of Public Education, I had the honour of representing several times, I drink your health, Mr. President, and I drink to the honour and greatness of Chicago University, and to the glory of all American Universities.

IX

AT THE CHICAGO STOCK YARDS

SATURDAY, MAY 5TH

CITIZENS OF CHICAGO:

MY FIRST words in this vast and enthusiastic assembly are a salute to the Army of the United States here represented, to the Navy represented here by the brothers of those who have already gone to the coasts of France. Next, in the name of all the working classes of France, I greet the workers of Chicago who to-day have left their tasks to listen to the words France brings. I greet all the working men and women here assembled and fused into one mass, to whatever race they may belong, citizens alike of these formidable United States, Slavs, Greeks, Bohemians, Poles, Russians, brothers of those who are now labouring in the cause of the independence and emancipation of Russia, all those, in a word, who have come here to welcome us. And I avail myself of this opportunity to refute in the name of France one of the vilest slanders directed against us. For many months efforts have been made to persuade you that this war

was a capitalists' war. Workmen who are listening to me, do you think if that were true your brothers in Europe would have risen to a man and flocked to our flags? Do you believe that the French workers of the General Federation of Labour, of the English Trade Unions would have taken up arms to defend the interests of capitalism?

The truth is that no greater deed was ever accomplished by men than the deeds you see to-day.

This is no war of conquest: this is no war for territories. It is fought for all humanity, for democracy, for liberty.

And that is why in answer to the speakers you have just heard and who are your fellow countrymen, all with one soul you will join in this war, and come to the help of France and her allies, to fight for civilization. You will avenge the soldiers of the Marne who fell for right and justice. You will avenge all the heroes who for three years have held back the German threat to the world, thrown barbarism back, and will shortly hurl the oppressor back to his lair.

Up then, citizens! To arms to defend liberty, to defend justice! Our meeting place shall be on the battlefield that liberates. There we will complete the great work Washington began. As an orator said just now, No man has a right to live for himself alone, to die for himself alone: no people has the right to live for itself alone, no

ADDRESS BY M. VIVIANI

people to die for itself alone. We all owe the same debt to civilization, to democracy. For them we will fight to the death. Long live France! Long live the United States of America!

X

IN KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

SUNDAY, MAY 6TH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

BEFORE we arrived here my fellow countrymen and I knew the forces of organization and production this city contains. And my first words must go to the laborious patience and courage of the men who inhabit this state: yours are the qualities of tenacity, economy, and courage which are all the annals and the glory of our French peasants' lives. Here to this centre flow the millions of bushels of wheat that make you, I will not say the granary of the United States, but one of the granaries of the world.

And I thank the Mayor of this city for having said just now that you were ready to work for the Allies and for France, for, as he said in admirable words, war is not a matter of munitions and cannon alone, but also of provisions for those who fight in the line of labour behind it.

And in what terms can I express our joy at seeing a town at once so beautiful and so full of evidences

of power? Under the spring sunshine which greeted us here we saw your women, your children, your charming young girls, the endless lines of your people all along the roads welcoming, in our persons, France and the Republic. But beneath the warm sun, among all the radiance of spring, we Frenchmen would have felt a sort of shame in our joy, the shame of being thus happy while our land was in mourning and our children are shedding their blood, had we not felt on what mission we came here, and that the vast crowds that hailed us were thrilled with the thought that they, too, were ready to fight the fight for liberty. How can we adequately express what we have seen here, what we have heard here, the sacred, the unanimous communion of all creeds animated by the same thoughts and expressing them in identical words?

For my own part, I can only say how deeply I personally was touched by the spectacle you presented while prayers were being said. I saw the vast sea of heads bowed in reverence, and your eyes uplifted to heaven afterward as if you sought divine justice there. And I wondered how you could implore the God of mercy and pity and in the same breath invoke the God of battles. But you implored the God of battles because the God of pity and mercy cannot but turn away from the bestial rage of men. You cannot forget that in spite of sworn treaties, our adversaries invaded

little Belgium, great in history by reason of her courage; you cannot forget they destroyed Louvain and bombarded the magnificent cathedral of Rheims, which was the jewel of our French architecture. But I should be unjust to the splendour of your faith if I supposed for one moment that any individual feeling animated you against the German hordes solely because they had destroyed the sacred temples where your brethren and fellow believers knelt erstwhile in prayer. It is for higher reasons, as the Governor of Missouri said, that you enter into this war. It is because you are resolved this war shall be the last; and, as we are resolved to carry it to the bitter end, our common victory is assured. You said one moment ago that you were ready to give your last man to attain that end. It is an oath.

We have fought for life. For three years France has poured out her blood on the fields of battle: for three years her sons have been in the trenches: during three years thousands and thousands of our children have fallen: all the others are guarding the battle line. Next August, three years will have elapsed since we stayed the German avalanche that was sweeping over French territory. And why have we fought thus? Was it to conquer territories? No. For other ends. You understand that: you understand it so well that all your orators are agreed in giving to this holy war its full meaning and gravest import.

It is not a fight between armies, not between men in different uniforms, but between peoples: a fight between democracy and autocracy.

Come then and join us as your speakers asked you just now; when you come to us, it is not to France you come, but to civilization, to humanity.

And here I wish to recall a generous expression that went to our hearts: France is so identified with the liberty of peoples and with civilization that when one looks for Liberty one sees France. It is she who has upheld the banner of Liberty. She it was who in the days of the French Revolution lit a flame in all hearts and souls. From her lips fell the thoughts of freedom which have traversed the whole world, to the icy steppes of Russia where the fire of revolution is kindled even now and where we shall shortly see the new government, in full control of itself and all Russia, lead its soldiers to battle and its citizens to final deliverance.

And it is France which for three long years has fought, wept, bled. She it is who counts the heaviest toll of dead: she it is who has the greatest number of widows and orphans. She has been trampled under foot by her invaders; but step by step they retreat, thanks to the courage of our soldiers, thanks also to our brave English allies. Three years has France been subjected to this life. Come to her now: you will come to the cause of liberty, of civilization. Come to her. There is no better

way of making democracy reign in the world, democracy which alone can end all wars.

And since you have deemed that our presence here was worthy to receive a solemn visible consecration, since your Mayor, in the name of your city, has given this Mission this card of gold on which the liberty of your town is inscribed, thus making us your fellow-citizens, let me say that we shall treasure it with deepest gratitude. But let me add also, Mr. Mayor, that in our hearts more precious and pure than purest gold is inscribed the memory of what we owe first to Kansas City, then to the State of Missouri and to all this population and—be not envious—to all the United States, to free America, our Sister Republic, which at the call of its illustrious President, Mr. Wilson, has risen to a man.

Good-bye, my friends. We await you: we know we can rely upon your fidelity and courage. We rest assured that you will never desert your great duty; that the solemn words exchanged to-day have all the force of an oath, and will be carried out to the last syllable.

Good-bye: Long live the United States! Long live France!

XI

AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

SUNDAY, MAY 6TH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I WISH my voice were powerful enough, and I wish my words could be expressed in your own language, so clear and ringing, so that they might reach across this hall and at the same time find a way to your hearts. But still, for only a few minutes, allow me to voice to-night, not only in my name, but in all my countrymen's name, to whom you have given such a hearty welcome, a welcome so worthy of France, the feelings of emotion and pride which are swelling up in our souls.

We are happy to find ourselves in this great city of St. Louis. Amidst your welcome, we shall not forget that if to-day living men stand up to escort us, we also find here the shades of our ancestors, of the first Frenchmen who found themselves in this city. We are happy to meet here people of all races, merged into the very heart of the fatherland, merged into the life of this city, and we know that, whoever they may be, they

remain unflinchingly faithful to their American fatherland in this vast conflict, faithful to the country of which, first of all, they are sons.

And I am also happy, for my part, to speak here under the auspices of Mr. Long, our friend, your representative, and the descendant of that illustrious family, one of whom has a statue on one of your squares. I am happy to greet the venerable and distinguished mother of the Assistant Secretary of the Department of State, who, ever since we landed on American soil, has stretched out to us brotherly hands, and in whose heart we feel the love he bears to France, our motherland.

Here, ladies and gentlemen, you have not lost the memory of the great historical event which took place here a few months ago. It is in this hall, where you now sit, that was held the Democratic Convention which nominated as its Presidential candidate your illustrious fellow countryman, President Wilson. At that time his own party, and you, ladies, and you also, citizens, you did not realize that war was so near at hand: you were hoping you might long enjoy the blessings of peace, and at that very moment you were going through the same drama that we, the French people, went through three years ago. France, generous and pacific France, who had made supreme sacrifices for the peace of the world, who turned toward humanity with feelings of love, who had one thought only: to bring forth liberty

for all nations,—this very same France was attacked, and then she rose for the defence of her honour and of her independence.

For nearly three years, with her faithful allies, but, at the start of the conflict, almost alone, she has been struggling breast against breast, hand against hand, weapon against weapon. For close upon three years, in the deep trenches, the sons of France held in check the enemies who were striving to invade her: for close upon three years, immortal France, faithful at all times to herself, preserving her sacred image pure through all storms, the France of to-day, worthy of the France of the past, raises the flag which is torn by shot and shell, but which is yet held aloft by the valiant hands of her soldiers.

And, a few minutes ago, in that touching ceremony, touching as are all those earnest and solemn ceremonies in which soldiers speak a plain and laconic language, but a language which comes from the depth of their hearts, when, in the name of the Fifth Regiment of St. Louis, one of your officers handed to Marshal Joffre the flag which he at once returned with a few earnest words, it seemed to me that I was witnessing a spectacle comparable to that which I witnessed on the soil of France. How often have we seen our Generals hand over flags to our children: how often have we seen our children leave for the hell of the fighting line, their heads erect, their hearts full of a

virile joy, for they knew they were defending their motherland. All of them, they kept their eyes fixed on the flag, on the flag which is the symbol of liberty and justice.

And, just as we were able to preserve the flag from any stain, just as our children would rather die where they stood than permit that sacred flag to fall to the ground, just as we realized that it was the soul of the motherland that was being carried forward in the folds of the tricolour flag; in the same way—because all people are one in that—it is the soul of the American fatherland which shines radiant through the Stars of the American Flag, and Mr. Mayor was right when he said that already it is bringing us the promise of final victory. To-morrow that flag will be waved on the battlefields. To-morrow it will also know the glory of conflict. Oh, it was never meant to sleep in peace in a hall, to be placed over a monument and to feel only the gentle breath of a pacific wind. Because it was the symbol of a free fatherland, it was meant to face the risks of the battlefields, and to return in glory, so that you may keep it in a temple high enough and sacred enough to render it the homage which is due to it.

Au revoir, then, Soldiers of the Fifth Regiment, sons of the American fatherland, you who to-morrow, clothed in warlike uniform, will bring to the battlefield all the courage which you have

shown for one hundred and forty years. Au revoir, soldiers of the American fatherland. Perhaps you will meet over there across the Atlantic Ocean, the sons of the French motherland, the sons of the Allies. All together, you will march to the fight. And why will you march to the fight? Is it in order to rend others, is it to conquer territory, is it to wrench away with robber hands, a province or a city? No, No. It is not thus we wage war; we wage war for justice, for universal democracy, for right, in order that autocracy may perish, in order that at last free men may draw free breath in the full enjoyment of peace and in the pursuit of their labours.

XII

AT THE MISSOURI ATHLETIC CLUB,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

MONDAY, MAY 7TH

GENTLEMEN:

ONE of your previous speakers said that the French flag was the first flag that ever floated over this city; but, even before he recalled to our minds that glorious memory, we already had felt something of it in our hearts; it seemed to us that some of the radiance shining over this city was reflected in its folds. For here indeed a special joy was in store for us, here in this great city, where for centuries human torrents have flowed, leaving behind them alluvial deposits abundant and generous. Here, beneath the communion of souls, beneath like impulses of heart and conscience, we detected something that brought us nearer to France than we have yet been. And I do not exaggerate when I say that among you we have found the three characteristic features of our own country. For you are endowed with the sturdy self-possession of our northern populations which have met invasion without a

minute's discouragement or weakness; and next in your words and demeanour we find the charming gentleness of our province of Touraine, that garden of France whose beauty seems to flower here anew; and thirdly, you have the ardent soul and the enthusiasm of our southern people, of the populations which dwell upon the shores of our warm, luminous Mediterranean Sea. You are the whole people of France here gathered under her flag; for, indeed, whence else could the admirable generosity arise which you have lavished upon our orphans and our wounded? Whence the wonderful organization of the Red Cross? It has improvised ambulances for mobilization and war; it has given to each unit forty thousand medical and surgical first-aid kits; it brings all aid to the French soldiers fighting for liberty. Whence, too, could the magnificent organization of your bazaar have arisen? There, in a very modest way, the films representing the French Army stirred your admiration of its prowess on the battlefield. You were shown the French Army rushing to attack, the French Army defending its trenches, the French Army ready to march upon the enemy, the French Army which you cheered with such fervour that the warmth of your acclamations has reached the very heart of France. Whence else could the attitude of the Press arise, a Press as powerful as it is disinterested and whose conception of journalism is the true one, since it educates the cities,

states all facts, corrects all errors. It sufficed it should simply say the truth, without courting or flattering any, for France to appear to you as the first of all nations. And what other source inspired the admirable epigraph which I found on the second page of this document :

O noble France, si fièrement éprise d'idéal, la cité de St. Louis te salue en ce jour et, glorieuse d'être issue de toi, se prépare à te soutenir dans ta lutte héroïque pour la justice, le droit et la liberté.

(Translation as follows: O, noble France, so proudly wed to all ideals, the City of St. Louis greets thee in this day, and glorying in the fact that she sprang from thee, is ready to stand by thee in thy heroic struggle for justice, right and liberty.)

We will bring back in our hearts this wonderful greeting to France, just as we will bring back in our hearts the motto which faces us now, and which recalls the words of Lafayette, of Napoleon, of the President of our Republic. Yes, the friendship between France and America is eternal; yes, your admiration did not miss its goal; it went straight through the traditions of which you have preserved the memory to the France of other days and the France of to-day alike. It was St. Louis who was the patron saint of this city, and you have not forgotten the noble part he played in French

history. Times have changed. St. Louis used to mete out justice under the shade of an oak tree: there he settled all conflicts between his quarrelsome subjects; to-day our task is to prepare a better humanity for a world in which nations will mete out justice to one another. But that work is not for to-day; to-day all must join together in action, in a common duty, and in a common struggle. Our task is not to mete out justice, but to avenge it with the sword.

Why did one of your most important newspapers yesterday recall that St. Louis was the patron of this city? Why did it recall that he led the crusaders across the Mediterranean Sea? It was not, I am certain, in order to recall an historical fact which everybody knows, but in order to connect the past and the present, to show that the soul of France was the same throughout the ages. For ever since France achieved her national unity, she has held in her hands, and has upborne ever since, the flag of justice; she has shed her blood everywhere, across the Mediterranean with St. Louis; on French soil with the men who stayed the flood of the barbarians; with the armies of the Revolution, which, at the battle of Valmy, not only liberated their own territory, but saved the liberty of other peoples; with Lafayette, the first Frenchman who at the close of a decaying monarchy came here to bring your great Washington the help of his sword and to shed, side by side with

you, French blood on American soil. And the marvellous reception accorded us here proves to me that our blood was not shed in vain; indeed, blood poured out for liberty has never been shed in vain; always from that blood springs an immortal seed of which future generations gather the harvest. And it is because Lafayette came here; because he brought here French aid under the French flag to the soldiers who fought for American independence, that we find here to-day, after one hundred and forty years, friendly faces, trusting hearts and outstretched hands. You have not forgotten your oath of gratitude. Nor do we forget our oath of fidelity to you.

But it is also to the France of to-day that your admiration goes out. Ah, doubtless when the great storm came, when the ground trembled under our steps, although our hearts never trembled, fears were entertained abroad for the safety of France. France was supposed to be a decaying, dissolute, corrupted country. It was thought she would never be able to play her great part and to uphold the flag of France as in past days. People wondered whether she would be able to link the present and the past in a firm bond; whether her people would be worthy of their ancestors; whether they would be able to fight as they had fought; but the first few days of struggle dissipated all doubts, and the forces of our historical tradition burst forth again, manifest to all.

And the soldiers of France, who during the month of August, 1914, underwent heart-breaking hardships, who fought against an enemy five times their number, who were almost isolated in the fields of France, who were there almost alone, holding at arm's length, so to say, an invader whose gradual advance seemed irresistible, why did the soldiers of France fight so magnificently? In sooth because they *were* the soldiers of France; but also because they were the missionaries of liberty; and, if at times they seemed to waver, it was not through weariness and exhaustion; it was because the burden of the glory which had descended on us from out of all the centuries, had fallen on their shoulders, and it was their duty not to fail under its weight.

And, my American brothers, bear this well in mind; our army is a democratic army in which, in spite of the stripes on the sleeves of the officers, all men are equal. It is an army of citizens who willingly submit to discipline and pay willing respect to their superiors, and who follow the voice of their conscience instead of yielding to the voice of compulsion. And this is why they fought as they did. And they were led by Marshal Joffre, standing here, whom you have acclaimed. But do you realize his true title to fame? No doubt, he led the armies of the Marne to victory; he stood an immovable rock amidst the storm. All that is true. But, a few moments ago one of

you brought to Marshal Joffre a very plain post card. And his gesture showed how delicately noble are the feelings that prompt your acts, and to quote one of your orators, how deep is not only the friendship, but the affection, the brotherly affection you bring to France, the same in your hearts as in ours. And what do I see on this post card I hold? Oh, may the person that received it, and better still, that kept it, be thanked for his feelings of fidelity toward France. What is it which this card shows us? It is the simple and modest little house where Marshal Joffre was born. He is a son of the people. His parents were poor; they underwent privations in order to pay for his education. He made his way to the highest school in France, the Polytechnic School; he fought his way silently, modestly, asking nobody's help; he rose to the summit of the military hierarchy. And, do you know what he will do to-morrow when he returns to his modest hearth? He will hang against the wall the sword of victory. As he came from the people, so will he return to the people. He will court no street ovations, but will modestly wait until impartial history has placed him forever in the temple of fame, and accurately marked out the signification of the part he played.

Such is the true beauty of France. Soldiers and officers, citizens all, have all come from the people; all alike were prepared to fight, not only for the defence of our territory, but also for the

independence of all peoples. You fully realized that: you have marvellously understood that: and it is because you understand that we owe the admirable welcome which you have accorded us. May this welcome ever dwell in our hearts; rest assured that we will bring the remembrance of it back with us to France. And here too, the supreme nobility of this gathering is that it is one of free men, and that the same ideal shines before all our eyes. In other countries, in the Central Empires, they go to battle in order to conquer territory, in order to conquer human bodies. Our only desire is to conquer minds, to conquer souls. We wish to penetrate into the life of other nations in order to bring them the breath of liberty, in order to raise them higher and higher toward the magnificent ideals of democracy. Our desire is that out of this war may come the great lesson, that democracies, when they are organized for fight, are stronger than autocracies. An illustrious Frenchman, whose words, I am sorry to say, are not often enough quoted even in France, and who long ago visited America, De Tocqueville, once wrote this sentence, which I wish I could see reproduced everywhere, as it so wonderfully applies to the drama of this day:

When a democracy is struggling with an autocracy, if the autocracy is not at once victorious, it is democracy that is sure of the ultimate victory.

And why so? Because all autocracy can do is to gather human bodies, while democracy uplifts souls and can alone give to the souls of men the nurture they need; in order to uplift him in battle the soldier must have before his eyes the great flame of human idealism. If he gives his life blood, it is not only for the soil of his native land, but for something less material, less easy to grasp, for a splendour all men can see from whatever point of the earth they look. And it is for that splendour we fight, and that is why to-morrow you will be fighting by our side. Let the sneerers and the sceptical jeer. How often has not France been sneered at by men who professed to be historians! How often has she been accused of having sacrificed herself for other peoples; of having recklessly squandered her blood over all the earth; our soldiers have been accused of fighting all over the universe in the vain pursuit of visions and unattainable dreams. It is a lie. Ideals are not only the most lofty of all aims, but also the most useful. When men who carry ideals with them pass over a land, they leave behind them immortal seeds of which, after years and years, future generations reap the harvest. When a people fights for democracy and liberty, its work does not end there; it stirs for years and years within the souls of other men, who, one after another, rise in admiration for a generous nation. It is thus you have acted; it is thus we have acted. In

1776, Washington founded American independence; at that time none could contemplate the general interests of all humanity: at that time in a world full of absolute monarchies, there could be no question of bringing liberty to all. But to-day your President, Mr. Wilson, has fully realized the mysterious aspects, the deep meanings concealed in the progress of American history. And, although I am not an American, although I stand more remote from you, more remote than you from the traditions of your country, I am sure that Washington himself would have blessed the work which has been accomplished. He had begun it by establishing American independence. But what would the independence of one people avail if it should fail to bring independence to other peoples in their turn? Liberty, independence, ideals are not treasures which a people should hide as a miser hides his hoard. They are destined to be of profit to all humanity and to all peoples gathered together in a common cause.

And this is why you have remained faithful to your traditions; this is why you have looked the Teutonic aggression full in the face, and have refused to allow your great national honour to be humiliated under the insults and the aggressions which have been heaped upon you. But the reason for the incomparable scope of your act, the reason why the message of your illustrious President will take its place among the loftiest historical

documents which the world cherishes, is because after having fully realized your case against imperial Germany, you declared at the same time your intention to avenge, not only the dead of America, but of all other peoples, to defend the sacred rights of humanity and to fight for democracy and civilization.

At last, we are all united. The hour of deliverance has struck. Let democracy, more and more, show its radiant face, and let autocracy sink into the darkness of night. As for us, we have already for three years fought hand against hand, breast against breast. And the Imperial Eagle which three years ago was soaring over our provinces, trying to snatch them from the hands of our soldiers, has now been compelled to descend from its bloody heights, to graze the earth and finally bury itself in the trenches.

Such is the fight we have fought. Come to us to fight the fight for universal deliverance; to fight the fight that democracy may prevail.

But I have already said too much. I am afraid I have overtaxed your patience. Another ceremony is awaiting us. We are about to go into the streets to greet the population of St. Louis, and to express our unbounded gratitude for the reception and the welcome that have been accorded us. Far from our motherland, five thousand miles away from Paris, we are stirred to a deeper emotion by these cheers addressed to France. A

few moments ago I said to one of our companions, that if they love France in France, if they are touched by her greatness and her beauty, they do not realize what it means to love France till they are in the midst of an allied and beloved people.

Let us go then to greet your fellow citizens. Let us go and admire the proud demeanour of your soldiers standing erect as we pass by, a solemn and happy omen. Let us go and greet all those who are waiting for us, who are stretching their hands out to us. Be assured our hearts will bring back to France from America sweet memories and feelings of everlasting fidelity.

XIII

AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS
DELIVERED BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE
MONDAY, MAY 7TH

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES:

BEFORE coming here we went to the field of silence to lay quick-fading flowers on the immortal tomb of Abraham Lincoln, and bear to his great shade the greeting of all France.

And I would have you know that however great the distance between Springfield and France may be, the radiance of his noble face has long been known in our native land. In no democracy, in no modern democracy, did any man offer the world a purer image than he by his noble career. That career is far better known to you than to me. You know that, born of the people, the son of a man who could not read, after having in his youth suffered every sort of privation, he rose through silent meditation, by study, to the full cultivation of his mind and the full development of his will. You know that silently he rose to the

summit of civic honour: and that from the summit he had attained he looked with untroubled gaze upon a great, an heroic, a tragic duty: he knew that the minds of men cannot without abasement live in contact with injustice. And that is why whatever pity and compassion rent his soul, since the equality of all human beings must needs be proclaimed, since the laws must needs rise to the level of man's dignity in all places, he let loose civil war upon his native land—that civil war whose heroes we have seen in their old age reconciled, wherever we have passed. On the morrow of his gigantic enterprise he died. He cannot be said to have been buried in his triumph: that triumph will last as long as an American is left to revere it. and we have come here to salute his great memory in the name of France, of the French Republic. But permit me to recall with just pride that the French of the French Revolution, of the Revolution of 1848, also proclaimed the rights of man. And this shows that all democracies, in spite of distance and time, are one. And when three years ago Imperial Germany in arms, without provocation, without a shadow of excuse, by right of force alone, rushed on France, tore up international rights and violated all human consciences, France with her allies defended those eternal principles. And for three years she has defended them. And now America in turn, to their defence rises at the call of her illustrious President, Mr. Wilson, who,

too, though a man of thought and a philosopher, has seen he must become a man of action when these eternal principles exacted reparation and vengeance.

Now, we are all united in this great struggle, worthy to be ranked with the struggles of the French Revolution. We all are united to defend right and justice. And our French hearts thrilled with gratitude when we heard the words of your President, of your Governor. Yes: we feel as if at every step in this blissful valley we found old memories of our beloved motherland, as if we had never left it. Here it was, as you said, Mr. President, that French missionaries, the first French to discover the Mississippi, came to labour, to live, to die. Here it was they founded the first government that ruled over this land which once was French, where the French flag floats once more in tragic hours, our flag which carries in its folds all our hopes, and calls to life every form of courage in all our sons. Here we find the shades and memories of our forefathers. You can well understand what emotions swell in the heart of a Frenchman when this tragic meeting comes about on American soil. But is it enough to evoke these memories in a speech? Must we bury all our ardent hopes in our hearts? I shall not forget, but transmit to my fellow countrymen your desire to pay back your debt of gratitude to France, in memory of Lafayette who brought here help

and French soldiers to fight for American independence. But permit me, without any thought of diminishing the effect of your words, to define their full sense. It is not to France your debt lies. What France did for America, she did for liberty, with no thought of exacting a reward for it some day. It is to all humanity your debt of gratitude should be paid: humanity and France here are one. Yes, it is because that noble land has at all times in its history held in its hands the fate of the world: it is because on our territory which seems to have been chosen by history as the meeting place for all combats and immolations, that the fate of the world has so often been decided; because our children with their hearts, their arms, their hands, their brains, are struggling even now to keep liberty from perishing, to keep disaster away from the whole world; it is because of all that you have risen in arms. And when you rally to France, you rally to the cause of liberty, of right, of democracy.

Come, then. We will bear away from your land the memory of these meetings of free citizens, and, when we return to our country, when the free citizens of republican France ask us what we have seen, we will answer: We have seen crowds tumultuous in their joy, enthusiastic crowds, but they came not forth to see alone, to gaze on passing men: they came as to some great duty, to acclaim France through us. We will take back the words

of all your orators: we will tell what you think, what you desire, what you hope for from the future, not only a free and delivered France, but a regenerate Europe, founded on right at last, built on the rock of justice.

And when this great work shall have been accomplished, American brothers, faithful to the traditions of Washington and Abraham Lincoln, you may return in pious pilgrimage to Mount Vernon and to the graveyard of Springfield and there bow in silent reverence before the two pure heroes of your race. You will most surely have served their memory; and rest assured that by so doing you will have broadened yet the glorious annals of the American Republic.

XIV

AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

TUESDAY, MAY 8TH

I MUST say in my own name and that of my companions that here we have seen something we have seen nowhere else. Everywhere else we were expected, and could only congratulate ourselves on being met by the enthusiastic crowds which have greeted France in our persons. But the number of our engagements was so great that we had been unable to reserve a visit to your important town. Warned of our arrival only this morning, you, Mr. Mayor, and you, Mr. Governor, have managed to gather together in the streets of this vast city, thousands and thousands of citizens who have come to meet us with outstretched hands, to greet France and the French Republic.

Such results cannot be attributed to discipline alone. They come from the love your hearts bear to France, from the patriotic flame too, which yet burns there, the flame of gratitude you spoke of just now, still so bright that after one hundred and forty years America and France are as close

to-day as in the days when Lafayette came here with French soldiers to your aid.

And I do not forget the chief reason for our presence here, so clearly marked by the spot on which this platform is raised. We are here to salute the glorious soldiers who fell for their native land, for justice. In the name of France, I salute those who at the call of your great President, Abraham Lincoln, fell to assure equal rights for all, justice and right, all the eternal principles which Washington and Lincoln caused to triumph by the creation of American independence. They are the very principles at stake in Europe; it is because Imperial Germany sought to trample under foot and destroy European democracy as represented by the France of the Revolution, that Frenchmen have struggled three years and are still struggling. And it is in order to save these principles from perishing that free America rises at the voice of President Wilson and that this city before the conscription law was voted, had started voluntary enlistments on so large a scale.

You have shown, Mr. Mayor, and you, free citizens of this great industrial and intellectual centre, workers who give freely the labour of your hands for the generations to come, you have all shown how deeply these principles are engraved in your hearts.

You said, Mr. Governor, and you too, Mr. Mayor, that the French and American flags were

ADDRESS BY M. VIVIANI

about to wave together in the same cause. You said their folds would be mingled and become one. I hail the message and thank you for saying these grave words. Yes, to-morrow, all together, arms in hand, we will drive German autocracy back and build up universal democracy throughout the world, thanks to France and thanks to the Republic of the United States.

XV

AT COLUMBUS, OHIO

TUESDAY, MAY 8TH

I SHALL above all remember the first words of your Mayor, who reminded us that our train awaits us and that our moments here are counted. Nor do we need long hours to express the sentiments which rise in all our hearts, and, if I needed to seek words of gratitude and friendly thanks, the speech made by your Mayor, and before him by the Governor, would have furnished me with a theme to develop.

Your Governor said that a common glory united us in the past and that our history was common. He saluted the great shade of Lafayette, so majestic and imposing that its shadow is cast over not America, not France alone, but over the whole liberated world. And, too, alluding to the tremendous events of which we are at once the actors and the witnesses, he said: "We do not know what the future has in store for us." I will tell you what the future has in store for us. We are confronted by two futures. The immediate future.

citizens, mark well, is a future of strife and struggle. Nothing is built up in the history of humanity, no liberty can rise, without strife, sorrow, struggle. In strife and struggle, we Frenchmen have lived for three years: for three years with our allies we have held in check the most formidable of armies, organized for no other end than to oppress free peoples. And now free America has risen to rally to our side, bringing help, material and moral.

The first future is strife and struggle. There is no other means of securing final victory. And next, another future awaits us; when victory is ours; when free citizens now clad in uniforms shall have regained their homes; when after accomplishing their duty on the firing line, they shall return from the long, long fight for liberty and their native land. For the work of liberation is never over. From generation to generation we transmit it to our children, like a flaming torch to illuminate the world. And our labours can cease only when we shall have built up full guarantees that no such war shall ever again repeat the crimes of which we have been the victims.

So, fellow citizens listen well to my words. Up! to fight and struggle to-day. Up! at the call of duty, all, whatever form it may take: to the fight, however hard, however terrible. And to-morrow, citizens, free, united, the Republic of France, allied nations all, whose institutions are founded on

democracy and liberty, we will find means to break once for all the sword of militarism and to prevent Prussian militarism from ever again returning to oppress the world and destroy the liberty of the people.

XVI

AT INDEPENDENCE HALL PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9TH

GENTLEMEN:

IT is not the first time in France or in foreign lands that my companions and I have visited some shrine. Many a time have we been in houses, palaces, temples, where the history or the pride of the peoples we were among found its symbolic monument. But I am sure that I express our feelings when I say that never, with a deeper, simpler emotion did we penetrate into any palace. This Independence Hall is the point from which American history has issued. Here it was that the American people attained full consciousness of itself and that, gathered together, so to say, in one spot, it rose to the dignity of a nation. Here it was that American independence was proclaimed, and in a few moments I trust your Mayor, when we leave this room, will allow us to admire the proud original document, a facsimile of which we see here. Here it was that in 1787 the first Constitution of the Government and people of the United

States was promulgated. Need I say that to the hearts of Frenchmen and republicans, to the sons of France, of the French Revolution, which by its effects freed our genius and gave it scope to say and to think all things, your homage to our land profoundly touched us? It is to France, Mr. Mayor, you speak when you address us: it is of France you spoke when you recalled our common history and said that Lafayette and his soldiers brought you help, and that it was well that in the tragic hours we are traversing we, too, should come to you, as the free representatives of a free and powerful, but attacked nation, criminally attacked, and that rose to defend its independence and its territory at once. And once more the two things were one: by defending its territory the French nation defended the independence of the world. And it is because you understood that, because the republic of this country understood, that after three years of war, after having attempted to remain faithful to your peaceful ideals, the American people, torn away so to say from its dreams of peace by the violent or underhand aggressions of Germany, was obliged to take up arms. And it will be its glory to have seized them not only in self-defence, to avenge the insults heaped on it, but, as your illustrious President said, in order to preserve the rights of humanity which for three years France has been defending.

I thank you, Mr. Mayor, I thank you in the

name of the Government of the Republic, in my companions' names. And since you said just now that only a few words of welcome were to be spoken here, and that your real address was made to France, allow me, too, to be brief and end here. Allow us to go forth and salute the admirable troops which we saw on our way, and which gave France a greeting worthy of her. I thank you, Mr. Mayor, and to express my gratitude to you allow me to shake your hand and in you to salute your whole nation.

XVII

AT THE PHILADELPHIA LUNCHEON

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9TH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I WISH I could find words which could clearly and truthfully express the deep emotion my fellow countrymen and myself have felt since we arrived in this city, in this city which has the best of rights to be proud of its achievements, whether looking back into the past it dwells on its traditions, or whether in times nearer to us it beholds the gigantic achievements which, from a commercial and industrial point of view, it has accomplished. It is here we find the cradle of the American nation in the house which we visited a few moments ago; it is here the independence of your nation was proclaimed; here that the first constitution of the United States was issued; here that the first Congress was held; here that the first President dwelt; here that in 1824 General Lafayette, remembering the glorious days of the Revolutionary War, came to pay a visit to the assembled representatives of the United States.

We are not long in discovering that our expecta-

tion of finding a unanimous welcome in this great city was not vain; and the honour of receiving it would have come to us sooner to delight and stir us had it not been for an unfortunate accident which delayed us on the road.

Wherever we have gone, we have felt your hearts beat for us, we have been escorted in triumph through the streets by enthusiastic crowds of men, women, and children. And now in this gigantic hall, after all the enthusiasm we have passed through, we meet with the most exquisite and delicate courtesies which in the splendid generosity of your nature you have lavished upon us. It seems as if you were resolved to bring before our eyes dear memories of France, for the lilies and roses which embellish this hall are flowers of our country and in them we behold the smiles of our beloved motherland. Behind us shine the colours which reflect upon us the glory of our flag, and, more lovely still, above us, in the gallery, is the wonderful wreath of flowers formed by the women of this city here gathered together.

But all of you that are now listening to me fully realize that we are not sitting here to-day at this fraternal banquet for the sole purpose of exchanging words of friendship with you and of tasting a pure and absolute joy, the very taste of which, for nearly three years, has been denied us. We are not here only to exchange a few words and to toast each other; we are not here only to grasp your

outstretched hands, to enjoy the emotions your enthusiasm raises. No, we are here in order to respond to earnest and solemn words which in the Hall of Independence, this morning, were spoken by representatives of various creeds, and to which your Mayor has just alluded. We are here in order to rise above even the joy of such moments: we are here in order earnestly to consult with one another concerning the gigantic task the hands of our common enemy thrust first upon us, and next upon you.

Across the Atlantic Ocean, four thousand miles from here, lies a land which is called France; it wished to live at peace with the whole world; it loved all humanity; it knew it had done its full share in civilization by shedding its blood repeatedly for the noble ideals that have been carried all over the universe with its flag. But in spite of its love of peace, in spite of its pacific attitude, and, although it had made the greatest possible sacrifices in order not to disturb the peace of the world, Germany attacked it savagely in the month of August, 1914, and it had to face the aggression alone, it was forced to rise against the barbarians whose hordes had flooded its land.

What are we fighting for? We are fighting for our territories; we are fighting in order that the accumulated achievements of our ancestors should not be sullied by the invader; we are fighting to remain worthy of our ancestors, and because it is

impossible that when the motherland is assaulted, its sons should not rise to hurl back the enemy who is defiling its soil.

But this is only the material side of things: it is only the material side of history. You have fully realized the deep meaning of the war that has been thrust upon us. As our ancestors did in the past, we in our turn fight for the very stones of our roads: we fight for our hearths: we fight for the industrial and commercial wealth which the hands of generations have piled up. But better still, we fight for the very idea of France: we fight for humanity: we fight for liberty and for democracy. And in the midst of innumerable sufferings which are heaped upon our land: in the midst of our sorrows and of the anxiety which, in spite of our own fortitude, often tear our hearts, our present French generation is proud, proud of the testimony which it renders itself, and which friendly and allied countries like America render us. And as regards this testimony which comes to us from America, allow me to quote the famous saying that some contemporaries already judge as posterity will judge and say:

“To us America is a living posterity and speaks for it.”

Allow me to express the pride which fills our souls when we feel that we have not sunk below the level of our great ancestors; like them, we fight for the defence of the fatherland: we fight for the

defence of French ideas, for the defence of the French Revolution. Like them at great cost perhaps, we defend all that is sacred and pure in humanity, those ideals whose extinction would deprive our lives of the very ends and joys and meaning of life. We have risen in fight and we shall endure, feeling that future generations will turn gratefully, not to the memory of a particular man, but to that of the whole present generation which has immolated itself, which has shed its blood in sacrifice, in order that France might not succumb and that by saving France a moral disaster might be spared all humanity.

As for you, when the call of your illustrious President came you at once looked into the very heart of things: you realized the gravity, the wide-reaching consequences of the questions at stake: you realized that our cause was just and true, and that, if so many allied nations have rallied round France, if wonderful England has called from her soil millions of soldiers, if Russia, if Italy came to our side, it was because our cause was a just one and worthy to be defended. And there is no person in the world that has ever expressed the justice and the sanctity of this cause in nobler words than Mr. Wilson in his incomparable message, which we French people hold so dear to our hearts that it has been read in all our schools, so that our children and the children of our soldiers may know its beauty and nurture their souls with the in

spiring philosophy it contains. No one in more forcible words has defined the deeper meaning of this war. It is not for territory, for moral or material advantages, in a spirit of conquest or aggression, that we are fighting, not because we are a people of prey; no, but because we are threatened by a nation of prey because, one and all, we are defending liberty. A few moments ago your Mayor was speaking of the future. He said: "We are one in heart and soul." And he greeted the flags under which, different in formation but one in soul, your soldiers and ours advance toward that future. It is not true that the allied nations march under different flags. The French flag, the American, the Russian, the English, the Italian, are but the flags of nations. Their real flag is the flag of humanity, the flag which waves so high that it can be seen by all men in the world: a flag that shines so radiant that all men on earth long to see the promises of liberty of equality and justice which its folds contain and announce, shower down on all the earth.

It is under this flag, the flag of humanity, that your children will march to battle. I greet their labours of liberation in advance; in advance I salute their courage, as with all the fervour of piety I bow my head before all the soldiers of liberty who have resisted the on-sweeping avalanche and have fallen in the holiest of causes.

And now we have exchanged those words that

ADDRESS BY M. VIVIANI

rise to the lips from the heart, now that I have tried to express something of the enthusiasm that burns in mine, allow me to finish this too-short speech in which, in order to try and win your hearts, I have put my whole soul, and ask you to drink to the health of the first magistrate of the Republic of the United States, your illustrious President, Woodrow Wilson.

XVIII

AT THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK CITY

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9TH

GENTLEMEN:

AT last, then, we have reached this great city whose splendours had already been described to us and irresistibly attracted us. In my own name, and in the name of my fellow countrymen, I am compelled to admit that in contrast with what usually happens in life, the reality far exceeds our expectations.

An eminent statesman, Mr. Choate, formerly your Ambassador in foreign lands, whose presence I am happy to greet here, has just said that he could find no proper language to express what America owes to France. If you, who have extended so marvellous a welcome to us, can find no fit words, how can I, who with my fellow countrymen have received this welcome, ever hope to adequately express our gratitude for the magnificent reception we have met?

We are at last arrived in this City Hall where Mayor Mitchel has received us with such charming

courtesy, where in the name of the great city which he governs, he has been kind enough to address to us words, as grave as they were gracious; they touched at once our hearts and our minds. I thank him for having introduced us to the governing body of this city to which I bow, to the senior General, to the General commanding the troops of the east, to the Admiral commanding the fleet at New York. And not without intention have you gathered in this City Hall, not only citizens and the members of the municipality, but also soldiers, army and navy commanders; thus you show the hour has come not for thought alone, but for action.

The efficiency of your magnificent administration was known to us even before we thought of visiting this wonderful city. We knew the greatness of the task that lies before a municipality which governs seven millions of men, that is to say, a population some kingdoms in Europe do not possess: we knew with what vigilance it administers formidable appropriations: we knew what it has done for the workers of this city; how it has organized this vast harbour of which it is so justly proud, from which, before the war, ships bearing the tricolour left, and from which others will leave under the same flag, plowing the waves in silent majesty. Yes, we were not ignorant of all you have done, and, when we reached your shores, we gazed with admiration at the Statue of Liberty

which we had so often before seen depicted and which now sheds its light over the whole world.

Be thanked, Mr. Mayor, and you also, Mr. Choate, for the words you have said: it is not us whom you welcome: it is not to us your words were addressed. Through our persons they go to France, and we need not say that we shall faithfully repeat them, not only because they are gracious words dictated by international courtesy, but because they are strong and earnest words, clear-cut and durable as medals, if I may so say. Allow me to recall a few. You were right when you reminded me of the wonderful spectacle which France has given to the world for nearly three years: you were right when you said that the blood of France is being poured out like water. Yes, from all our wounds, from the open wounds of our soldiers has flowed the pure red blood of France. It has flooded our plains, from the very spots where formerly our farmers and our peasants and labourers were living in peace. And why was peace thus broken? And why does the invader so pollute our soil? We were a peace-loving nation, as peace-loving as yourselves; but you have seen for yourselves whether it is easy to remain faithful to one's dreams of universal peace. You cherished such dreams; you were a great people that had only one thought, humanity and justice; we were a free democracy, and we only had one thought, universal right and humanity. But

Germany brutally attacked us, and we were compelled to rise in arms. You have paid full homage to what France did then. At the imperious call of duty, she fights: we fight for our territory, for our wealth, for our historical traditions, in order that the invader may not advance a single step farther on our sacred soil. Ah, yes! You recognize through the darkness of the storm the sacred radiance of her rights. France fights for the world: for justice: for humanity as a whole. And it is because she fights for these things that at last the American people has risen to bring her moral and material aid.

You said just now that sympathy was not enough. We are aware of the sympathy with which for one hundred forty years you have cheered the heart of France. We know that you were neither forgetful nor ungrateful. And just as on your public squares you have erected statues of Lafayette, you carry his memory in your hearts: we knew that a great free people, proud of its traditions and of its history, venerated the memory of a foreign general who in the dark hours before the birth of its independence, brought to it the courage of the sons of France and his genius. Since the beginning of the war we have received proofs of this sympathy in innumerable and generous forms: we have received a proof of your brotherly affection in all the charitable gifts which our orphans and our wounded so often have

held in their hands. But sympathy was too little. Now you look your future sorrows and your duty full in the face.

I can understand you should have hesitated before so terrible a duty, for war with its dangers and its horrors, its moaning widows, its premature deaths, its cradles, where only hope should dwell, not the woe and the calamity which have fallen on them: war is a terrible thing. Yes. But could there be anything more terrible for a people than to live without honour or independence? Just as you refused to allow your national honour to be humiliated by the insolent demands and suggestions of Germany, you refused to submit to break your plighted word. And when looking back over the events of the last two years, you saw how the small nations were oppressed and how great peoples like Russia, England, France, Italy, rushed to the defense of the rights of mankind, in order to save amid the destruction their national honour, you felt your conscience outraged; nay, it was already outraged when German aggression struck at your brothers. And it was even then an easy matter to those who knew the evolution of the American soul to foresee what would happen, and what has actually happened since. All America has risen in arms. We have just visited the Middle West: we have just visited cities whose wild enthusiasm was manifested in the joyous acclamations of their men, women and children.

We found everywhere, even in these very places where we had been told it would be lacking, the virile resolution of a whole people acclaiming our passage. And we find it here again in these streets of New York, in this great city where millions of men surge like the waves of the sea.

This, then, is what was in store for us in this city. We have received a brotherly welcome which has gone deep into our hearts. You may rest assured that we shall not forget it; and from the height on which I stand, across the distance which separates us from France, allow me to transmit to the country whose sons we are, the full honour of the welcome which we have met with. It alone deserves it. It has withstood everything: it has accepted everything, except shame, except humiliation; it has submitted to everything, except to kneel before an enemy who thought it would be an easy matter to vanquish it. It has fought for the rights of men and for justice. And it is not only the army of France, but the whole people of France, which is up in arms to fulfill this duty.

We shall go back to our country bringing with us a moral and material help which will exalt our countrymen's souls which will make their wills more resolute still and their hearts beat with a stronger throb. We shall bring back to our country the unforgettable memory of these wonderful moments. We shall tell our fellow-citizens that the sacred name of France rang from

millions and millions of mouths, that it is impossible for them to realize the love, the veneration and respect you bear to the great moral entity which is called France. We shall tell it all.

And finally let me say, though I can hardly find words to express what I feel, and moreover, after so many speeches, I have almost reached the limits of human endurance, that we are all one in France, that a sacred unity prevails everywhere, and that there are no longer any distinctions of classes, religions, or opinions. All together, we fight under the same flag, ready to perish if necessary, but not before saving France. To hail this unity of the French people, I can do no better than stand here side by side as I do with the representatives of our government and people and army. It is with joy I thank the French Army, in this friendly land so closely linked with France, for its heroic achievements. Our army at the beginning of the war faltered under the most terrific onset ever met by men; but it rallied, and those young boys of twenty, with shining eyes, went out to fight and die for their motherland and for mankind.

And who was it that led them? Who was it that with steady eye and cool head organized our resistance? I need not speak his name; it is enough to mention the Marne. At the same time, our sailors, like Admiral De Grasse, Rochambeau's companions, who, as you are aware, rendered the cause of independence, in the name of France,

priceless services; our vigilant sailors keen, courageous, kept watch day and night on their ships; they fought in the Adriatic under Admiral Chocheprat, who stands here on my left, while the marines were fighting in the trenches at Ypres.

For our army is the whole nation; it is democracy up in arms, defending its honour and its independence. Our democracy, you recognize, has given the world a wonderful example; it did not wait for the hour of peril; it organized itself in advance; it had an army commanded by competent officers. And that is why it was able to stand firm; that is why I now hear the people in the streets exclaim when they see such of my companions as wear a uniform: "There are the men who saved the world." Yes, the soldiers of the Marne saved the world. But had it not been for conscription, had it not been that everybody in France answered the call to arms, what would have become of our country in spite of its spirit, its valour, its courage?

Such, citizens who are listening to me, is the great and serious lesson of the war. I have already said, but I shall repeat monotonously until all understand, that, so long as there is in the world a quarrelsome Germany, a group of men of prey, an unscrupulous and treacherous aggressor, there can be no safety for democracies. Would they preserve the treasure they guard for all humanity? Let them awake, let them rise, let them arm, with the solemn purpose never to wield the sword in any service but that of right.

XIX

AT THE MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON, NEW YORK CITY

THURSDAY, MAY 10TH

GENTLEMEN:

ON opening his admirable speech, Mr. Beck, in words which carry all the sacred emotion the name of France stirs in him, said that we were living thrilling hours and living them together. And it is because these hours are so thrilling that I asked myself how I could find, though accustomed to popular manifestations and meetings such as this, fit words to express in the name of France the infinite gratitude we owe the people of New York since we had the honour of arriving in this admirable city.

In his enumeration of the various greetings we have met, the Mayor spoke of the innumerable legions of men who had acclaimed us, or rather, France, and in their acclamations brought to us the cry of their hopes, I should say, of their certainties. And next in the City Hall another greeting met us: need I say with what emotion we received it? And now to-day in this vast hall, too narrow to

contain, I am told, all the members of the Association, you appear almost countless in my eyes, silent and seated when you listen, erect and thundering in applause when the name of France rings out. You are business men, the men toward whom France turned first and treated with when war broke out, a war no human brain could have foreseen. For till then all wars had seen armies with their provisions and ammunition fight a few months: no more. But we have seen a war whose weeks are months, whose months are years: we have seen hurricanes of steel such as no eye had even contemplated before. And we needs had to turn to you, business men, for we needed your credit, your labour, your shells, your munitions, your steel, your rails. And you gave all we asked for. Be thanked for your generous help, loyally and strenuously given. Thanks to you the French Army has been fed in ammunition. And be satisfied that if you on your side have brought all your skill, all your soul, I might say, to your untiring work, the French soldiers have made a worthy and efficient use of the tools you gave them: you have long known that; I teach you no new thing to-day when I say so. It is no reason, just because you are engaged in vast enterprises and gigantic business undertakings, why your hearts and minds should sink to mere industrial commercialism: on the contrary, you have kept to your old traditions, strong in your hearts, of admira-

tion for efforts in the general interests of humanity, of the idealism represented by your flag; they dominate your business activities: you feel that in your business work considerations of humanity are never absent, since you are in constant touch with men of every sort, in sight of the wide horizons your hearts and energies contemplate continually: and so, when your day's work is over, you give yourselves up with admirable devotion to the holy labours which give a dignity to life and bring admiration on man's efforts.

And so far as we are concerned, allow a Frenchman to take advantage of this occasion of speaking to a friendly country to dissipate the slanders that have sullied our name. Yes, France before the war was represented as a nation of rhetoricians and declaimers, a land of politicians. People resorted to Paris as to a paradise, to enjoy themselves. And they were led to think that our great France, which contains eleven million of workmen, seven million of whom are peasants, was not a land of workers devoted to its daily labours. German slanders had effaced, so to say, the true glory of France, which is its uncompromising love of work, its strenuous labour, thrift, all the great virtues our ancestors have handed down to us. Now in this war which suddenly took on an industrial aspect, not only the courage of our sons, but the efficiency of our officers, our captains of industry who cannot be separated from the rest of France,

sufficed to meet the tremendous problems that destiny forced upon us: all arose, our industrial leaders, our engineers, all our workers, and showed an ingeniousness, all the clarity of the French mind, its adaptability to new conditions, its powers of assimilating new ideas: French genius revealed itself. And it is, thanks to the coöperation of French industry and American help, that we were enabled to turn out millions of shells, of tons of steel, of rails, all the indispensable things that economize on the field of battle the blood of our children, and hurl into the German trenches our shot and shell before French heroism bounds forth to conquer them.

Just now your illustrious statesman, Mr. Choate, to whom you rightly addressed your acclamations, in which we join, in virile words, in a ringing voice that made one doubt whether he possibly could bear upon his shoulders the weight of more than three quarters of a century, Mr. Choate said that the American Flag and the French Flag could indeed mingle their folds, and your president expressed the same idea when he said the same wind would marry in a common ideal the Star Spangled Banner and ours.

But that prediction is already realized and other things will follow. The newspapers this morning tell us that yesterday in Paris a popular ceremony, to which Paris gave up all its soul enthusiastically, marshalled the American ambulances under the

American Flag along all the great streets of our capital, acclaimed, need I say, by the heart of France represented by Paris.

And I say other things will follow. It is not only in the streets of the capital, joyous in spite of its sorrows, at the thought that Free America rallies at last to its side, it is not only in the streets of New York and Paris that the French and American Flags shall float: there they float among virile rejoicings, in civil joy: they attract the eyes of all our citizens. But there they are merely a promise and a symbol. Further on, beyond Paris, on the firing line where the hail of German shells falls incessantly, in the trenches where the English and French soldiers have exceeded in their heroism the bounds of human nobility, over these trenches the American Flag which is already unfurled over the Lafayette Air Squadron, side by side with the English and French Flags, will shortly float. Ah, when it returns, it will not be like the one which proudly gleams before our eyes. No; I warn you it will be torn to rags; it will bear in its folds not only the stars, but the rents that speak of the heroism of your children.

And when you come, it will be, as Mr. Beck said in magnificent words which are those of a writer and a philosopher at once, irresistibly carried to us by the deep reasons he analyzed. Of your entry into the war we never doubted, even in the hours when prophets of misfortune and doubters

told us America was neutral for all time, and exacted peace at all costs. That we never believed. We never believed the slanders that sought to cast a slur on your good name. Why you have come into this war Mr. Beck has said, and I prefer to leave to an American the responsibility of the assertions made. It was not on account of the submarines which hampered your trade, it was not, even though that reason was enough, to avenge the deaths of the *Lusitania* atrocity, to avenge the innocent American men, women and children hurled into the icy waters, and who are lost to you forever. It is your honour, the honour of a free people, that your national grievances were not alone in your mouths, but the grievances of all humanity. It is not for American rights alone, but for human rights, for liberty, for democracy that you rose: it was to defend those immortal principles. And Mr. Choate may be free from all anxiety. We are all agreed, if not in speech, in heart. He said: "Hurry up! Why lose time?" We don't say that. We know what war is, for we have felt its full weight. We know how strenuous must be its preparation and that no detail can be neglected. And he said further: "We can never accept Germany's peace conditions." No: we can never accept Germany's peace conditions. Conditions of peace from a country which has come to consider all peoples as its serfs, which has imagined it could trample under its

heavy foot the heart, conscience and soul of all humanity; conditions of peace from such a source cannot be accepted because they would humiliate the reason and conscience of humanity. We can have no peace until Alsace and Lorraine have been restored to us, since they are our property. And we are not selfishly fighting to gain a victory in this war, which we did not seek, to realize national aims. France has not, I conceive, so far led the world to look upon her as selfish. Ours is a noble race: it deserves your acclamations, and you are right in venerating it: your respect is due: for—allow a Frenchman to say so without accusing him of excess of vanity—there is no freer people, nor one that bears in its heart a more sacred emotion. It is not a selfish people: it has cast the children of France over all the earth, wherever there was liberty to defend: it has freed Europe by spreading the ideas of the French Revolution: it has sent the French Flag to shine on every battlefield on which men were fighting for humanity, and our desire, one with that of our Allies, is to establish guarantees against any possible repetition of such crimes.

You are business men: you respect your contracts, and you know that when any dispute arises justice must be sought from arbitration, from judges, a sovereign court, not from brute violence. Well, what prevails among private persons, among civilized citizens, why should the same thing not exist between nations? When war broke out that

is what we proposed. We asked to carry the quarrel before the Hague Court; we asked for inquiries to be conducted, so as to bring to light the true state of things. We refused to enter this war until all appeals to justice and reason had been exhausted. The brutality of our enemies turned our efforts to naught. Ah, as some one said just now, they thought their hour had struck. Why discuss when one is the master? Why submit to arbitration when one is a despot? Of what avail are reason and conscience when one's arm wields a ponderous sword and holds a torch to kindle fire in villages and towns? Of what avail are all these things, heart, reason, conscience? They count for naught: force, force alone reigns. Yes: but we too had force: we seized in our hands the glorious sword of France. And alone, or almost alone in those first days of war, we rallied, we reconquered our invaded lands, and gave all the Allies of France the time to grow conscious of the greatness of this drama, to rise to arms, to come to our side, and place their flags by ours. They are all assembled now, the soldiers of liberty, freemen from free peoples: all free men are now united in the fight for liberty and democracy. And we will never falter in that fight: we will fight on so long as the fight lasts, till the end. We will prevent Prussian militarism from reigning over the world. We will save the future generations, to whom at the cost of our blood and sorrows we transmit a sacred

heritage, which they will surely hold. We will preserve all future generations against a tragedy as terrible as the one we are undergoing. In these moments of struggle and sacrifice, may infinite hope send its thrill through our hearts. Tomorrow we shall see not only material, but moral victory shine before our eyes. And then final peace, if you will it as we will it, shall rise over all the earth, since no power of prey will any longer exist. All the sons of men, all the children of our children will at last live free lives, and die, satisfied, after giving humanity all that is best in their souls and hearts.

XX

AT LAWYERS' LUNCHEON AT THE
BILTMORE HOTEL

FRIDAY, MAY 11TH

MY DEAR BRETHREN:

AS your president, Mr. Wickersham, has just said, we have been received since landing on American soil by governors of states, mayors of your largest cities; we have received from them the most cordial welcome, to say nothing of the welcome which we met in the streets of the cities from the entire population. And yet I must say that, however great the swelling pride which overflows my heart may be, it would not be complete had I been unable to receive, through stress of other engagements, the amiable and gracious invitation which you addressed to me while I was still in Washington.

It seems to me that something would have been lacking in my life, in my career, if in passing through this great city of New York, where nearly six thousand of my brethren work and are the

honour of the bar of the United States, I had not been accorded the honour of meeting them, of hearing their authorized representatives, and of shaking their loyal hands. And just now your president, in enumerating the titles, to which I owe the inestimable honour of being received to-day as your guest, was careful to recall, and in this I agree with him, the title which is the highest. Yes, indeed, for twenty-five years I have been engaged in politics; and far be it from me to pass a disdainful judgment on political activities, for I received, while still young, from French Democracy, without meriting it, every favour and every smile of fortune. Yes, indeed, it is not I who can forget that for nearly twenty-five years I have had the honour to be one of its elect, and that for more than ten years I have had the honour of being admitted to the Councils of our Government. I cannot forget any of the stages which I have passed through, either as Minister of Works, as Minister of Public Instruction, as President of the Council, or as Minister of Foreign Affairs, or as Minister of Justice. Allow me to tell you what I have so often repeated to my French compatriots; the title which I hold in the highest esteem, which stirs my heart most, which more than all appeals to my soul, is your title, is mine, is the one which we have conquered by the joy of work; it is the title of Advocate at the Parisian Bar. It is to it that I owe what you owe to yours, advo-

cates of the Bar of New York, the proud and substantial independence which assures a tranquil life in the midst of storms. It is to it that I owe what you owe to your profession: the honour of bringing before the courts and before justice the grievances and claims of litigants. Oh, I know very well by how many detractors, perhaps in America, at any rate in France, our profession is surrounded. And yet I maintain that there is no prouder or more noble profession. We are not only lawyers, who have studied the law in its text and given ourselves up to the abstract play of logic on the day when we were admitted to plead before the courts. No: there is no greater or more noble mission than ours. We receive in our offices suffering fellow-beings, who bring to us, their lawyers, transformed into confidants and confessors, their sentiments and their interests. During nights and days of work we endeavour to rise to the height of our mission by preparing for the court and presenting to it the supreme arguments of the cause we believe just. And while the magistrates deliberate, anxiety fills our brain; anguish our hearts. We constantly ask ourselves if we have really fulfilled our high mission; for that mission is not merely to defend the individual. How many times in our career have we not been confronted with greater perils? That which constitutes the nobility of our task is that, when we have taken up a cause which we have found just, we defend it against the ignor-

ance of the masses, against popular passion, and against the tyranny of the mighty. Above all men, the lawyer is he who can maintain in the face of popular clamour the spirit of justice and truth. His is not only a private mission. We are not merely professional men attached to our offices, in our place of residence. I dare to say, without lack of respect for the illustrious magistrates who are gathered here, and whom I thank for their presence, which is an honour to the bar of New York and the Parisian bar—I dare say that the magistracy itself, whatever may be its knowledge, whatever its ability, whatever may be the conscientiousness with which it studies matters, the skill which it has attained by virtue of its long-pursued studies, the magistracy itself, in truth, could not fulfil its high mission if, beside it, we did not fulfil another.

What is it that constitutes the courage of the magistrate, his independence; what is it, after deliberation, which causes him to feel the serenity of the judge when he has pronounced sentence? It is because he has heard the lawyers; it is because such and such a lawyer has laid the truth at the feet of justice; it is because he has not the right to consider more than the lawyers have told him, and that, after all, if the lawyer has not risen to the height of his mission, the responsibility is not the judge's. So that to the social mission of the judge, who expounds the law, is added the social

mission of the lawyer, who enables the judge to perceive the truth amid the complexities of a conflict, amid all the difficulties of a suit, in the minute analysis of all the causes raised by a proceeding.

Herein lies the grandeur of our rôle, and that explains to you, brethren of New York, why the French democracy has so often called upon the bar of France, asking its aid in the democratic councils of the Chamber, of the Senate, or in the Councils of the Government. The documentary evidence we bring, as we have just said, is no longer that of private citizens, but that of all France; and with it we bring our professional virtues, our love of truth, our love of justice, the patient interpretation of texts, our earnest desire to transmit to the minds of those who surround us the knowledge which we ourselves have been able to acquire.

Permit me, then, to thank you for your presence in this hall, for this immense audience which hears me, to whom I can say that never more than to-day have I so much regretted my inability to speak your beautiful language, in order that I might express to you with the clearness and precision which your language affords, the sentiments which fill my heart.

Let me say, however, that to have been received by you will be one of the most cherished memories of my life. And let me add that I shall not leave

this hall filled with exaggerated pride or with excessive vanity. Indeed, although this opportunity enables you to address your eulogies to me, I do not apply them to myself; but to the great judicial family to which, for thirty years, I have belonged, to the Parisian bar. And from this platform I may be allowed to review my past, to recall from the distant past, when I was still young, those difficult stages of my hard career, that bitterness which young lawyers in hours of discouragement, which you, also, have known, when, in spite of talent, in spite of hard work, in spite of daily effort, it seems that a reputation is unattainable, and that one is doomed to failure.

Allow me to look back into this struggling career in which I was accompanied and encouraged by all my masters, some of whom have passed away, and whose memory I salute. And permit me to turn again to Mr. Guthrie, who just now rendered homage to the Parisian bar, of which I am a member. Ah, yes, this Parisian bar, as well as that of all France, is peopled with young men who devoted their hearts to the future. Before them a great career lay open. They were satisfied to work peaceably in their study for the purpose of attaining fortune, either great or small; in any case, to make their lives a credit to them. They were quietly working there in the month of July, 1914, and the summer, with its bright, clear days, after a year of work, called them to their vacations.

Then was heard the call to arms. The first cannon shot resounded. The tragic hour in our history had come. The horizon became suddenly darkened and was zigzagged by the flashes of the tragic struggle, and all these young men, doffing the lawyer's robe, seizing arms, left to join the colours, to rejoin their regiments. And you were right just now, my dear comrade, in rendering homage, not only to the lawyers, but to all those men of the liberal professions who, in France, joined the colours, in company with peasants and working men. Yes, it was an admirable example of national unity and sacred union which glorious France offered the world. Not a man, whatever his rank, whether he wears the apron of the working man or the blouse of the peasant, whether he wears the robe of the magistrate or that of the lawyer, not a man, whether rich or poor, failed in his duty. And at the same hour, on the same day, all bowing their heads to the level of the bloody trenches, all together forming the democratic army, the great army of citizens all went together, to represent France before the enemy. But what am I saying? My words are untrue. I lessen their rôle; I lessen their mission. They did not represent France alone. They felt they were bound to our national history by more than one tie. The soldiers of 1914, doubtless, were the soldiers of 1914. They defended our territory, our invaded land. That they did; but can you believe that discipline, that

the apprehension of danger, can you believe that the orders given by our officers to our soldiers, sufficed to give birth to the heroism they displayed? No. What caused the army to line up was that it was an army of citizens as well as of soldiers; it was because in reviewing the past it saw a past filled with glory; it was because it did not wish to be unworthy of its great ancestors who suffered and fought on French soil; in a word, our national army knew that it was defending the principles of justice and humanity to which you have rendered so deserved an homage. And that is what, in the towns I have passed through, however feeble my voice may be, in the midst of immense throngs gathered before me, that is what I have said. My words came from the depths of my heart. You were right, my dear brother, my illustrious brother, illustrious judge of the Supreme Court, you were right to say that we had finally found the means of appealing directly to the heart of America. And do you not think that I was unaware of that? Do you imagine that I have not felt that my words penetrated the souls of those who surrounded me? Do you imagine that an orator of our profession could speak efficiently through habit alone, by his individual thought, without feeling consciences and hearts stirred around him? Yes, it is because I felt in you a heart that beat with mine, because my feelings corresponded with yours, because my emotion

rose to the height of yours, because yours rose to the height of mine, that we understood one another and that in spite of the difference in language which expresses the soul, we clearly saw one soul, the same, the same in France as in America.

Your attitude to-day, like the attitude which I have already spoken of, has been outlined by Mr. Hughes. He said, and I repeat it: It is not an abstract greeting which the French Mission has brought to America. No; we are not here merely to exchange expressions of international friendship; we have not come merely for the purpose of shaking hands with you; we have not come here to salute you; nor to become intoxicated by the clamorous acclamations which greet us in your streets. We have come here to reach your souls, to reach your hearts. Yes, this I say, we have come, however unworthy we may be of our mission, to show you the great soul of wounded France, of suffering France, of eternal France. All the orators who have preceded me upon this platform have accorded us too much praise to permit me, with modesty, to attempt to surpass your eulogy. You have shown the French isolated at the beginning of the war, sleeping in muddy and bloody trenches, fighting night and day, constantly, not only for themselves, but for humanity. You have looked upon the French Army as the vanguard of all the armies of free men. Yes, indeed, yours are true words. For the last three years

we have been fighting for liberty; we are upholding in the breeze under shot and shell the banner of universal democracy. May free men now rise and come to our side! For the honour of humanity let us not be alone in this fight. Come to us, American brothers, whose hearts have been riveted to ours ever since Lafayette with his French soldiers landed upon your soil and lent the aid of his arms to American independence. It is not for France; it is not for you; it is not for England; it is not for Russia; no, it is not for the nations; it is for the whole world; it is for all humanity.

And Mr. Hughes has just truly said that he could not conceive the existence of a country without international law. In truth, it would be a mere jungle in which there would be neither laws nor judges, and where he who entered it might at each step risk assassination. And I say to you; what avail your peaceful studies and ours, what avails it to open the files of our clients, what avails it to invent codes for the determination of individual conflicts? What avails it to plead individual causes before judges, if the great cause of humanity is not gained by our arms, by our soldiers?

Then, let us close our brief-cases. Let us turn from the study of the law, so long as human right has not obtained the satisfaction to which it is entitled. And since, in the history of the world, no progress can be initiated unless it is born in

pain, since human and eternal right can only prevail after immense hecatombs of the dead have been piled up around it, let us tender our pious homage to those who have fallen for the holy cause, and create in ourselves a heart of iron, a heart inaccessible to fear and sorrow; let us continue our road to the end, to the end of the war, to the victory of justice and democracy.

XXI

AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA

FRIDAY, MAY 11TH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

BEFORE leaving New York officially with my companions, I wish it were in my power to express worthily and in a voice that could rise above your cheering and your ovations, our thanks to your vast population, which even this immense city can hardly contain. And as if the enthusiastic acclamations of these throngs, which, through our passing presence, reach far above and beyond us to the France we represent, were not enough to express your feelings, you have here, Mr. Mayor, gathered together in this enormous hall for a last farewell the very flower of your city. When I lift my dazzled eyes, I see beneath a flood of light all the radiance of youth and beauty assembled.

But since I can find no adequate words to acknowledge our appreciation of your exquisite courtesy, allow me, Mr. Mayor, to turn in simple thanks to you, and through you to the population

of New York. May I congratulate the City upon being represented by such a man as yourself, on whose youthful brow I see all the maturity of deep thought, and who in order to administer such a gigantic city and to meet such complex duties must indeed be gifted with an exceptional combination of power and gentleness.

And if I could, were I not so pressed for time—for indeed at this very moment the whistle of the train is calling us—I would attempt as one gathers flowers into a nosegay, to recall and bind together the various impressions which my companions and myself have gathered in the course of our triumphal journey. I used to consider America, in deeds at least if not in thought, as above all a commercial country. But soon after we left Washington, the great political capital and seat of government, where we had the honour of being received by your illustrious President, Mr. Wilson, whose invisible and powerful presence we seemed to feel everywhere throughout the country, soon after we left Washington accompanied by Mr. Lansing's assistants, Mr. Long, Mr. Polk, Mr. Phillips, who were kind enough to share with us the hardships of the road, but also shared, I may say, the intoxication of our triumph, we had a full opportunity of seeing a part, though but a small one, of this vast America which before was unknown to some of us. And what did we behold? Undoubtedly many Americans of an-

cient origin, but also (and they above all attracted our attention, all the more because we had heard so much of them) people of all races fused in your gigantic melting-pot. Many of these races have doubtless remained faithful to their old traditions, but the American soul is so all-embracing, so powerful, that it has absorbed them all, and they are now all American. We saw with our own eyes proofs of their loyalty to their new fatherland and of a national unity we were hardly prepared to find.

And it is before this people we appear to-day in this tragical hour, before this people which has, so to say, absorbed into its frame the races and traditions of other lands and in whose midst the old European races have come to renew their blood and seek fresh fountains of strength. It is before this people we come to solve grave problems. And in spite of the distance, even here our minds go back to the battlefields, to the struggles, the sorrows and the sufferings of the old world. Such a meeting at such a time is the greatest honour of my life; and I count it also a supreme satisfaction to meet here amidst such a gathering my distinguished colleague, the representative of noble Great Britain, Mr. Balfour, who in a simple and manly speech has just expressed truths similar to those which I, in my turn, will seek to express.

May I be permitted, Mr. Mayor, to recall those dark hours you alluded to just now, those

fateful hours, when I was Prime Minister of France, and Marshal Joffre was in supreme command of the French forces? As you very truly said, each knew he could rely upon the other. At that hour, on the 3d of August, 1914, we were face to face with Imperial Germany. Alone with Russia, which has now sprung to new national life, and which, I trust, after the tempest of its revolution is over and its eddies have subsided, will realize that national emancipation and world-wide liberty must be fought for at one and the same time; alone with Russia, France faced her destiny. England had not yet joined us, but of her I never doubted. If at that date an Englishman had told me he would refuse to fight, I should have answered he knew not what he said, that such a thought was unthinkable. And indeed those anxious hours passed swiftly away: Germany tore international treaties to pieces, in order to strike a quicker blow at France: she invaded heroic Belgium, who, with her chivalrous King rushed to meet her, and England, our indomitable ally, rose to a man when the fateful hour had struck. With us she had signed that broken treaty: she declared that her national honour would be stained if the blood of her children were not shed to defend her signature. She declared there were not two standards of morality, one for nations, one for individuals, that honesty was the common basis for all human relations, and that she would perish rather

than be dishonoured. And she sprang to her feet, rallied to our side, mobilized her powerful fleet; and next, as Mr. Balfour said, sent us such army as she could, for she was unprepared, as democracies too often are, through the failure of a general conscription law, to gather more than eighty thousand men. But those she sent under Marshal French to coöperate with General Joffre and receive his instructions. She could do no more. "French's contemptible little army" the Kaiser sneered; but it fought with us on the Marne and swelled rapidly to two hundred thousand; then five hundred thousand; then a million; then one million five hundred thousand. Thus did England call from her soil her legions to join ours, and hold ever wider portions of our front. And General Joffre who, if he was not in direct command of the English forces, yet gave his instructions, first to Marshal French, then to General Sir Douglas Haig, now in supreme command, General Joffre would tell you what valiant soldiers, what heroes have rallied to our side, full of that quiet energy, dogged courage, humorous cheerfulness, characteristic of a race that smiles in the very jaws of death.

Now German organization, German Kultur, are fine things, no doubt, gentlemen, when seen from a distance. But mark me well; their vices are apparent when one draws near to them. Do you know what has brought disaster on Germany?

What hurls her to ruin? Let me tell you: it is her lack of psychological insight. She sent to England, to Russia, to France, second-rate diplomats whose only care was to gossip in drawing-rooms and knew not the people. Of English history, of French history, they knew nothing. Germany imagined these two great peoples were helpless to defend themselves. What did she think of England? That it was a people enamoured of peace and that no power could bring it out of its island; that the government in 1914 was pacifist, and afraid to fight. And again that imperialistic England in her desire to dominate the world would rouse her very colonies to revolt: and Ireland's rebellion was a sure thing, fomented as it was, doubtless, by German gold. Well, what did happen? Ireland remained loyal to England; and the English colonies, seething with revolt they said, rose, not in revolt, but to send their sons, their munitions, their money, their very life-blood to Great Britain. And what does that teach us? It teaches us that when a country has an ideal, when it loves liberty, not only for itself but for all men, when it carries free principles everywhere with it, it brings forth, not slaves, but free men, men who in the hour of peril heroically rush, as the English colonies did, to the help of their menaced motherland.

And so with us: Germany's mistake was no less ruinously foolish. She had sent us a diplomat,

Mr. de Schoen, who knew nothing of France, and who dreamed her powerless, because he had witnessed our interior dissensions, party quarrels, divisions of opinion, which are the honour of our country, because a free nation needs must seek truth and its ideal in every way. So Germany imagined the hour of battle would find us unprepared, incapable of defence; she saw France, corrupt and dissolute France, beaten to her feet at the first shock, and demanding peace at any cost of Imperial Germany after the first brief battles. Doubtless our past history made her give us credit for being brave, intrepid, capable of dash on the battlefield. But what could courage, intrepidity, dash avail; what all the virtues of individual men which are the glory of every man? Germany was scientifically organized: her industrial and scientific organization needs must prevail over French valour. Well, what did we make manifest to the whole world? Two qualities: one which all men knew who knew the glorious traditions of France throughout the ages: dash, intrepidity, valour, contempt of death; but another quality was denied us, that of endurance, that of patience, that of quiet courage: the steady heart and unshaken nerves under the storm of shot and shell. Now in two battles we combined both qualities, as if we would offer them up to the whole world as a homage and a lesson. In August, 1914, we showed what dash French troops pos-

sessed in spite of weariness, in spite of the heat of an endless summer, the exhaustion of three weeks' incessant fighting. Suddenly, miraculously, the whole French Army stood at bay, and turned upon its enemy. And the man who commanded that army had remained calm and impassive: every evening he telephoned to me, who was then Premier of France, the result of the military operations: at this very moment I can hear his voice come to me over the wires, quiet, grave, unbroken by the slightest emotion. And that voice spoke its unflinching confidence in final victory, in spite of all. And when the hour had struck, the moment come, the order was issued, was forwarded to the armies, the Generals: every officer read it to his men: "My children, here we stand. Halt and face the barbarians. Die to the last man rather than retreat another step."

Such was French dash, French valour. It counted for nothing in German eyes. But the day came when the other virtue was shown; that on which they relied yet less. One day they dreamed Verdun could be taken, not because it was in itself the greatest prize; it would have been no victory—but to drive into France and impose peace—for our enemies think they can let peace loose on the world, as they unchain war. And so German armies were piled up on the French front. It was impossible for us to advance against such odds. Our Generals spoke: Children, not one

step back: if you yield a yard, let every yard have its bloody cost for your enemy. And through the endless days and nights, under shot and shell, under the avalanche of shells that tore up the very earth, among their falling comrades, led by their officers, our men held fast, contesting every inch of ground, fighting for months and months without an instant's respite, holding back the whole weight of the German army. And now, when we leave our land, when we say those two names, the Marne and Verdun, we mingle in one the two master virtues of our race: valour and patience, courage and endurance, the Marne and Verdun, names which accompany us wherever we go, in neutral, in friendly, in allied countries, the Marne, Verdun, the glory of which follows us step by step as we go, and sheds its radiance over the heavens above us.

What yet remains to be done? For three long years the English and the French, sword in hand, have fought, not for England alone, not for France alone, but for humanity, for right, for democracy. For three long years the Russian soldiers in the northern snows, victorious in Southern Europe, have fought for the same ideal; for two years seductive, virile Italy has scaled the Alps and shattered with its hands the stony barrier that stifled its liberty: for three years Serbia, murdered, trampled under foot ruthlessly, has fought: for three years heroic Belgium has maintained her

honour against a perjured foe. For three long years we have striven, face to face with our enemy, tightened our grasp upon his throat, held our own. And now, when we are still strong and undismayed, neither worn out nor doubting, still full of force and resource, comes free America to our side, radiant with its democratic ideals and ancient traditions, to fight with us. She read in President Wilson's incomparable message, which has gone to the heart of every Frenchman, the deep reasons why she could not but enter into this war. Yes, doubtless you had your slaughtered dead to avenge; to avenge the insults heaped on your honour. You could not for one moment conceive that the land of Lincoln, the land of Washington could bow humbly before the imperial eagle. But not for that did you rise, not for your national honour alone: do not say it was for that. You are fighting for the whole world: you are fighting for all liberty: you are fighting for civilization: that is why you have risen in battle. And just now Mr. Choate said: "The English and French Mission are here to tell us what to avoid and what to do."

And your Mayor expressed in an accurate formula his generous conception of our relations when he said: "America is founded on French idealism and English common law." Nothing could be truer: it is all the truth: I can add nothing to his words. But I will tell you what you can do. You are remote from our battlefields: no Zeppelins can

fly above your towns and scatter their bombs over the cradles of your innocent children: German ships are blocked in the Kiel Canal: they cannot defile your waters: at this distance you cannot hear the roar of the cannon. But can you imagine that you are not in sooth as close to us, in spite of distance, as we are to you: that Germany is not as near you as she is to us: that the peril is remote? No. The menace of Germany lies where Mr. Balfour so philosophically defined it. He told you that the menace of Germany lies in her scientific organization; and I will attempt to interpret his words in the spirit that prompted them. We are all agreed Prussian militarism must be crushed: so long as the world contains it, there is no safety in it for democracy. But what is Prussian militarism? It was not born yesterday: it was not born in 1914. It is an ancient sore. It is the bestial and inhuman expression of a philosophy, the outcome of a whole race so madly intoxicated with conceit that it imagines it is predestined to dominate the world, and is amazed to see free men dare to rise and contest its rights. And if you had not risen against it, it is not with artillery, not with shells, not with submarines, not with Zeppelins you would have been attacked. It is by the methods and spirit of Germany gradually filtering into your brains, impregnating invisibly your hearts, and little by little violating your souls and consciences. That was the hidden danger, the

menace of Germany. You realized the peril, and you have risen to face it, to fight a menace not to you alone, but to all civilization. Now all we free men are one in will. The hour for the liberation of all men has struck at last. All have risen in arms in the good fight, fought by us, by our children, to the bitter end. And we will never falter till victory crowns our aims. And when in far-off days, after this war, history shall tell why we fought, in days yet ringing with this strife, long after the voice of the cannon is silent, then impartial history shall speak. It will say why all the peoples arose in battle, why the free allied peoples fought. Not for conquest. They were not nations of prey. No morbid ambitions lay festering in their hearts and consciences. Why then did they fight? To repel the most brutal and insidious of aggressions. They fought for the respect of international treaties trampled under foot by the brutal soldiery of Germany, they fought to raise all the peoples of the earth to free breath, to the ideal of liberty for all, so that the world might be habitable for free men—or to perish. And history will add: They did *not* perish. They vanquished. They shattered the ponderous sword that German militarism aimed against the conscience and the heart of all free men. And thus together we shall have won a moral victory and a material one. It is that dawn that I greet, that hour of fate I bow my head before.

ADDRESS BY M. VIVIANI

May the soul of Washington inspire our souls: may the great shade of Lincoln rise from its shroud. We are all resolved to battle till the end for the deliverance of humanity, the deliverance of democracy. Rise then, brother citizens, and lift your brows to the level of your flag.

XXII
AT THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
SUNDAY, MAY 13TH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I THANK you, Mr. Governor, and Mr. Mayor, for introducing me to this most distinguished gathering, in which I find intellect, grace and beauty intermingled under circumstances most charming. But, perhaps, if I were to look carefully at myself, I might find cause to regret their presenting me in such excessively kind words, for if I had to resemble the portrait that has been drawn of me, if I were expected to represent the oratory and the intellectual traditions of France, I am afraid you might detect some difference between the portrait and the reality. However, I think I realize the deep reasons that have prompted the kind words of the previous orators. Undoubtedly they wished to introduce me most favourably to this gathering, which against my own will I have disappointed (at least I have been told so) by this delay of twenty-four hours. I beg you to throw the blame on circumstances, and not attribute it to any indifference on my part. You

will easily understand that it was impossible for a Frenchman to pass so near Canada and not visit a country where the shades of our ancestors are honoured and where their descendants have preserved the traditions and all the purity of the language of France. Also I knew that a part of our heart had remained behind in this city with a part of the French Mission while I was in Canada. You have had the honour and the pleasure to welcome my friend, the former commander-in-chief, Marshal Joffre, in whose company, as well as in the company of other eminent Frenchmen, I had the honour of landing on American soil. And as soon as I arrived I clearly saw that you had no grudge against me, and that nature alone was angry, and refused to add to our joy the splendour of sunshine. I knew in advance the delicacy of your feelings; and I wish I could find suitable words to express our emotion and our common gratitude for all that has been accomplished in the city of Boston, a centre of intelligence and beauty, a city where everything has a spiritual foundation. In this sacred library, as it was called a few moments ago, we have the joy of knowing that all that is best in modern and ancient books is to be found; and that the splendour of antique beauty is added to all the grace of modern beauty. It is in these wonderful surroundings that you have been kind enough to receive me; and from the very moment of my arrival, even before I passed, full

of emotion and gratitude, before the innumerable committees that have heaped so many good deeds upon our wounded and upon our orphans, it seemed to me that I beheld the radiance of French genius in these wonderful frescoes which our great painter, Puvis de Chavannes, sent to your city, and which in no way diminish the merits of the decorations of your great painter. Sargent, a native of Boston, who studied art in Europe.

The illustrious population in which I find myself to-day, lives for thought, and in thought, and it was natural that it should be drawn nearer to France. And not alone for that reason, but also because it has remembered the lesson of duty that was given to it by its Puritan forefathers. It was not unmindful that it was from Boston that came the first wave of liberty which burst, not only on America, but upon the whole of Europe, in 1776, at a time when our philosophers, by their writings, were merely preparing the way for the French Revolution. It is in this city, where by a moving contrast, power, intellect and refinement meet: in this city which thinks it is not enough for a man to attend to his business and then go home, but that men and women have only fulfilled their missions when through unremitting study they have sought to raise their consciences and their actions to a higher level: it is close to this city that stands the illustrious Harvard University, which I am afraid will always have a grudge against me for not visit-

ing it yesterday, and not receiving from the hands of its teachers and thinkers, the degree of Doctor of Laws, which would, indeed, have been a great honour. But it was unnecessary for me to come to this city to learn what the University had accomplished. I knew it was the brains of the country; and at the same time a centre for disseminating education and patriotism at once. And I knew too it had sent its valorous students to the front when fate compelled France to fight. And from this height on which I stand, allow me to thank the University for the ambulances and field hospitals which it has given us, and to pay a pious tribute to the memory of Norman Prince and Chapman, the aviators, who have risen to the same height as the French and English aviators, but who, alas, have been hurled back bleeding to the ground after fighting, not only for France, but for America, since the two countries share alike the same ideals of liberty and right. And I am not surprised that this city with the refinement of its culture, its quick delicacy of spirit, a city which reads, and understands, and thinks, should have been a centre of burning patriotism. I do not wish to minimize in my fatherland, be it the American, the French, the English, the Russian or the Italian fatherland, the action of the great forces, of the thoughts and the traditions which enable a people to continue its existence through successive generations, and which enable it to

carry unquenched through all storms the torch which will shed its light upon future generations. But I may say that in any civilized country, education and therefore universities would be of no purpose, if through the voice of thinkers, of journalists, of philosophers, even of those who belong to no profession and hold no public office, but who simply have education, intellect and conscience were not identified with the conception of patriotism. The strength of the American Universities, at any rate of our great French educational system, which as a Minister of Public Education I have twice had the honour to direct, lies in the influence of thinkers and philosophers to, little by little, develop the true conception of patriotism. Undoubtedly it is unnecessary to belong to a particular country in order to realize what that conception is in order to see its splendour shine before our eyes.

Our motherland is the soil upon which our ancestors have lived, worked, and suffered. It is the cradle in which we were born: it is the path on which our careless youth has whiled away the hours: it is the field of silence and darkness in which our forefathers lie. But it is even more; it is all the commercial and industrial wealth which has been accumulated for generations. It is even more: it is a chain of successive generations linked together, and of which the last is the better for the mistakes of preceding ones. It is the tears

which have been shed by different eyes at the same time: it is the same sorrows, deep in our consciences and in our hearts: it is the same hopes, the same expectations, which dwell in all souls alike. All this is the motherland. But if that motherland arose, it was because for centuries thinkers and philosophers have gathered together to give it a means of expression. In our country, in France, this common means of expression, a wonderful instrument of national unity, has been our admirable language; a language which all turn to, since it is suited to the expressions of feelings and interests, emotions and realities, the language of law and diplomacy, which, from Descartes and Voltaire up to Victor Hugo, every century has enriched, until it has become the real creator of French National Unity. It is to it we owe the intellectual and moral France of to-day.

And it is to this France that Harvard University justly sent its American professors in return for our French professors; and that an exchange took place, which I hope will increase after the war between French and American students. To further the relations between our universities and yours is our warm desire, and to that end my friend Hovelaque here has been entrusted with a mission to which I wish all success. Already many of our teachers have come here and received the most cordial welcome: Brunetière, Gaston Deschamps; our great poet, Henri de Régnier; our professor of

literature, Lanson; others besides have brought to your shores the different aspects of French thought. And in France, too, we were honoured by the visit of some of your most distinguished professors. Not to speak of your illustrious president, Mr. Lowell, I need only mention Professor Wendell who dedicated to France his wonderful book, "The France of To-day," a book which he had full authority to write, for he had taught both literature and history in the Sorbonne. He has thus done much to make America better known in France, and France in America. I shall never forget his lessons.

May I be allowed here to relate an anecdote which was told to me by one of your professors from Harvard, and which shows how useful these exchanges are? He had spent some time in the Sorbonne, and then taking advantage of a few days of leisure he went to Berlin where he had seen wonderfully trained troops go through their manœuvres. Although an American, he was a Frenchman at heart, and the powerful machine which is called the German Army filled him with uneasiness for the future of France. He greatly feared that the French Army would never be able to hold its own against it. But from Berlin he went to Nancy; and there he saw our wonderful Twentieth Corps, which we have christened the Iron Division. When he saw our valiant soldiers march erect and cheerful under our banner, when

at the hour of rest he saw the officers drawing near the soldiers like old friends, as should always be between men serving in the same democratic army, his heart was relieved: he then realized that when the hour of fate struck the French Army would rise to the height of the occasion. And our wonderful Twentieth Corps did not deceive the hopes of your Harvard Professor. Everywhere, in Lorraine, in Ypres, in Flanders, in Verdun, it has hurled itself forward with the rest of the French Army and shown what French valour is, to wrest from the invader even a few yards of French territory.

And now let me thank you for these reassuring testimonies to our worth, for the proofs of friendship which you have given us and for the enthusiasm which surrounds us. I ask myself at times how, in the face of such generosity, I can find words which, through my feeble voice, will pay France's debt of gratitude. But I wrong you. You do not conceive yourselves to be creditors exacting their due from a debtor. You fully realize what you are doing. You do not do this for France alone, out of love for her, but, because in your minds France and civilization are one; and because you know that our noble country holds in its hands the flag of justice. For three years we have been facing the worst onset that ever burst upon men. However proud we may be of the past glories of our annals, never before did our love for our country shine forth more magnificently; never was courage,

patience, endurance more manifest than in our children, our sons, who from the age of eighteen to forty-five rushed to the flag, side by side, father and son, uncle and nephew, Jew and Gentile; all creeds, all religions, all opinions, gathered under the common flag of the motherland. And now the French Army and the allies are fighting together. They fight for the ideals of justice; and this American Republic which was founded by its own children but to whom Lafayette, the grandfather of my colleague, the Marquis de Chambrun, brought his help: this American Republic which has twice fought, once for independence, and once again, at the peril of disruption, for the victory of the great principle of equality for all human beings: this American Republic which acknowledges only the principles of right and justice, has never once given me any reason to doubt it would be with us. Even in that remote time (how many centuries ago I wonder?) of American neutrality, I knew that your souls, your hearts and your consciences, could not without shuddering witness the German atrocities, of which we, with the Belgians, were the first victims: cathedrals burnt to the ground: priests shot, women bestially brutalized: orphans spiked with bayonets on their mother's bodies: devastated homes: murder: rape: all the crimes known to the penal codes of civilized nations. Was it possible that all this could take place without sending a thrill through the hearts of your

mothers; of your men and women? It is for this reason, whatever is said to the contrary, that you have risen. You have risen to avenge your dead, because you could not allow your flag to fall to the level of the German standard. But mainly, as your President, Mr. Wilson, put it: "for humanity, for right, for democracy, and for liberty."

And indeed if it were possible for Germany to be victorious in this war, of what use (I beg your pardon for expressing my thought so freely) would be monuments like this? Of what use this marble, the pictures, the luxury, the ancient and modern books which, in a few minutes, bring back to our minds all past centuries, together with all the deep and regenerating elements of ancient and modern thought? Of what use were all this if democracy were to perish? Of what use if we were forced to bow to German soldiery and Prussian militarism? To the being who seems to have been created in order to trample brutally under his heavy foot human conscience and thought?

No. The temples where we have hitherto gone to seek modern science and beauty will yet stand! Our souls will remain exalted, our conscience clear, for we shall be victorious! And when we come back from the bloody battlefields where, alas, many of ours are lying forever in silence and darkness, when we visit our wounded, when we respectfully bow before the mourning veils of our valiant French womanhood, behind which, through

their sorrow, we behold the pride of sacrifice, when we do this we shall feel more valiant and more free. We shall return to our studies, after having saved the world; it will then be our task to regenerate it through liberty and democracy. Then let your hearts and ours be one. You are remote from the battlefield. You do not hear its roar. You do not witness with your own eyes the evil that comes out of war. But none the less you realize its hideousness, for your hearts and your consciences would not be what they are if you did not realize it. In spite of distance and time, draw nearer to us, ever nearer. Suffer with us. Uphold the truth. Fight with us. And together let us save civilization, democracy, and liberty.

ADDRESSES
BY
MARSHAL JOFFRE



MARSHAL JOFFRE

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

APRIL 29, 1917

FOR THE PRESS

INFORMAL AND UNOFFICIAL STATEMENT OF MARSHAL JOFFRE

THE very cordial welcome given me by the City of Washington, and the expressions of sympathy which reached me from states and cities throughout the United States, have moved me deeply, since they are a homage paid to the whole French Army which I represent here.

The heroism and resolution of the soldiers of France indeed deserve all the affection the United States has shown them. After having in a supreme effort defeated and thrown back a barbarous enemy, the French Army has untiringly laboured to increase and perfect its efficiency. And now in the third year of the war it is attacking the enemy with greater vigour and material force than ever before.

Side by side with it and animated by no less a heroic spirit stands the British Army, whose formation and development will ever remain the admiration of the world. The Germans have realized its

wonderful growth. Every encounter has made them feel the increasing menace of its strength. The contempt they pretended to feel for it in the early days of the war has gradually become a dread more openly avowed each day.

Led by its illustrious President, the United States has entered into this war. By the side of France in the defence of the ideals of mankind the place of America is marked.

France, which has long recognized the valour of the American soldier, cherishes the confident hope that the flag of the United States will soon be unfurled on our fighting line. This is what Germany dreads.

France and America will see with pride and joy the day when their sons are once more fighting shoulder to shoulder in the defence of liberty. The victories which they will certainly win will hasten the end of the war and will tighten the links of affection and esteem which have ever united France and the United States.

AT MOUNT VERNON

SUNDAY, APRIL 29TH

IN the French Army all venerate the name and memory of Washington. I respectfully salute here the great soldier and lay upon his tomb the palm we offer our soldiers who have died for their country.

ADDRESS AT SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI,
ON PRESENTING AN AMERICAN FLAG
TO THE FIFTH U. S. INFANTRY
SUNDAY, MAY 6TH

I PRESENT this Flag to you. And when I present it to you, I need not say it is the symbol of your native land. It will lead you into battle. The further you carry it, the better you must defend it: you must sacrifice your lives, one and all, rather than let it fall into the hands of the enemy.

Perhaps it will go to France, there to wave side by side with the flag of France, which for three years has led the onset against our foes. And when our soldiers see the Star Spangled Banner, their souls will thrill. And I am assured it is to final victory both will go.

ADDRESS AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
AFTER RECEIVING A PURSE FROM
THE DAUGHTER OF MAYOR
CURLEY

SATURDAY, MAY 12TH

AMONG all the innumerable expressions of sympathy, all the kindnesses showered by you on France, none touches us so deeply as what you are doing for the orphans of our heroic dead. Our children are our most precious possession, our joy and our hope, and there is no surer way to our hearts than to help these little ones, the most pitiful victims of this war for the liberation of the world. In their name, in the name of our soldiers of France, I thank you, I thank the children of America whose hearts have gone out to their stricken little French brothers and sisters. The memory of what you have done, of what you are doing, will never fade. You have sown the seeds of love and friendship between our two countries. They will flower when they are men and women. Between America and France there is now a tender bond of human kindness and affection that nothing can break.

JOFFRE.



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